

From Chambers' Papers for the People.

## JEWISH LIFE IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

It is admitted on all hands that the Jews are one of the most remarkable people on earth. They are as identified with the preservation and propagation of a purer morality and more rational notions on religion than were ever entertained by any heathenish people—as the ancient Greeks were with the progress of science in general, and the Romans with the development of jurisprudence. It was reserved to modern times to bring portions of the Jews prominently forward in another region. They have assumed a political and social significance which is said to exercise a considerable influence on the fate of Central Europe. In the countries which we are wont to consider as the seats of learning, they have generally ranged themselves with the progressive party; and how far they interested themselves in the recent continental struggles for popular rights is abundantly clear. The greater part of the German press is said to be in their hands.

The appearance of this population in a political character must be considered as an extraordinary phenomenon; for not only do they not appear, by their past history, to have been destined for such a part, but they were, two generations ago, avowedly so far behind what is regarded as European learning, that few of them were able to write the language of their country. It may therefore not be uninteresting to give a sketch of Jewish life as it was a score of years ago, in those districts of Central Europe where the Jewish settlements are most ancient; where there are numerous Ghettos; where the Jews have been for centuries objects of a special legislation; and where, consequently, their peculiarities had ample time to develop themselves and strongly to impress their character upon all the relations of life. A reflecting reader will perhaps be able to trace the lineaments of the present conduct of that section of Jews in their outbursts of wild fervor and enthusiasm—in their extraordinary versatility of mind—in their peculiar training—and, lastly, in the cruel oppression and deep degradation to which they were subject for centuries, and which will be depicted in as far as they enter into the plan of these pages. The humane will no doubt be gratified to learn that this oppression has, in consequence of the recent revolutions throughout Germany—Bavaria excepted—been succeeded by the full emancipation of this ill-treated race.

We propose that our sketch shall to some extent consist of a review of the life and social relations of an individual male Jew; and first of his entrance into the world.

*Birth.*—The rational anxiety for the safety of the mother being removed by the birth of a babe, (whom we will suppose to be a boy,) an irrational one for the life of the offspring quickly takes possession of the parental heart. The family are haunted by the dread lest the Mureth (*cursed ones*) might use, or rather abuse, the power supposed to be possessed by them over male infants during the period which

elapses between their birth and admission into the Abrahamic covenant, (Genesis xvii. 12,) by either choking the babe, or carrying it off and substituting for it a misshapen deaf and dumb idiot, a changeling, a kind of Caliban.

It would be a mistake to fancy these "cursed ones" as evil spirits, delighting by nature in mischief, like the tribe of hobgoblins. They are human beings to every intent and purpose—unlucky wights, high and low, young and old, married and single, Jew and Gentile, who, in an unguarded moment, have fallen under the dominion of the ruthless Lilith, (Isaiah xxxiv. 14,) whose cruel behests they must implicitly execute whatever their reluctance. At the bidding of the superior, the "cursed one" must leave her nightly couch with the view of clandestinely introducing herself into the room of the babe, which is generally that of the mother. For this purpose the evil messenger is endowed with the power of assuming the form of various animals; the favorite shape under which she generally makes her appearance being that of a black cat.

The most dangerous period for the infant, when Lilith is most intent upon its destruction, is the seventh night after its birth; for this reason the babe is watched during that night with the greatest anxiety, and by the side of the mother lies a carving-knife, ready to be used for the defence of her offspring. Woe to the cat which would during that time approach the infant! The dangerous weapon would certainly be flung at it; not with the view of killing, but rather with the design of releasing it from its thralldom; for, according to the popular superstition, on the slightest injury being inflicted, Lilith loses her hold on the metamorphosed human being, and in a twinkling of an eye, like the monster in "Beauty and the Beast," she assumes her former shape, never more to change it for any other. An attempt is also made to keep the enemy "at arm's length," by fastening on the walls of the room contiguous to that of the babe various scraps of paper curiously inscribed with cabalistical signs or charms. These, we make no doubt, inspire the fiend with a most wholesome dread, as in every instance which has come to our knowledge they proved perfectly successful.

*The Abrahamic Covenant.*—The rite of admission into the Jewish body is considered as a most sacred act, and is supposed to be attended by the prophet Elijah as the Angel of the Covenant (Malachi iii. 1); on which occasion the infant receives its name, which is that of a deceased relative, and is usually a Biblical one, but occasionally of Gentile origin. This name is generally only used for religious purposes, and sometimes in domestic life; but in the intercourse with the Christian world a Gentile name is often substituted and registered. Thus, for instance, if the name received at the occasion alluded to be Aaron, it is likely that it will only be used in affairs connected with religion; as when a prayer is offered up for the party in question, or when he is summoned at synagogue to the reading-desk, &c.; while in social intercourse he will probably go by the name of "Augustus" or "Adolph," &c., with

which name he will also sign all letters and documents in the regular course of business.

The performance of this initiatory rite is generally celebrated with a banquet, to which all relations and friends are invited, and which concludes with a special prayer inserted in the usual grace offered up after meals for the new Jewish member.

*The Redemption of the First-Born Son.*—As soon as the infant has attained the age of thirty days, the father, conformably to Exodus xiii. 11, is obliged to redeem it. He invites for this purpose on the following day a descendant of Aaron, and some other guests, acquaints the former with the fact of his wife having been delivered of her first-born son, and offers him to the priest. On his, however, preferring the alternative of receiving the redemption price, the sum mentioned in Numbers iiii. 47, (about 12s.) is paid to him by the father, who at the same time pronounces an appropriate benediction. It rests with the priest whether he will return the money to the parent.

*The Ghetto.*—The Jews on the continent were, and are still in many countries, confined to Ghettos, which are generally surrounded by walls, and furnished with gates, through which the communication with the other parts of the town is kept up. These gates are closed at a certain hour in the evening, and not opened until the next morning, so that during the night the Jewish population are kept prisoners within their own domiciles. With the exception of one or two of the principal streets, which are of a tolerable size, the Ghetto usually consists of a maze of gloomy and crooked lanes, lined on both sides by dingy high walls. No steamer carrying Irish paupers to Liverpool can be more closely packed than a house in the Ghetto. It is in such a house—perhaps in one of those vaults the walls of which are constantly oozing out a slimy moisture, as though shedding tears at the misery of the tenants, and the darkling interior of which is never cheered, not even at noontide, by the visit of a straggling ray of the sun—that the infant draws its first breath, tainted with miasm and effluvia. It is surprising, nevertheless, how far care and solicitude will go in protecting infant life. Jewish parents generally make up by this for the local disadvantages under which they labor.

*Education.*—Let us suppose the period to have arrived when the babe is capable of uttering words. The first sentence which the infant is taught to pronounce will be one from Scripture—as, for instance, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one;" or, "The law which Moses commanded us is an inheritance of the assembly of Jacob;" or, "Hear, my son, the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the doctrine of thy mother." These are taught in Hebrew to the young charge, who repeats them word for word, and they serve, together with some short appropriate prayer, for the morning devotion, which is recited immediately after awaking from sleep, and before breakfast.

At the age of four, and sometimes before that period, Jewish children are taught their letters. The most gentle means are employed for this purpose; and one of the common devices for stimulating them to proficiency, is to let fall from above their heads on the primer a sugar-plum as often as they succeed in making out a letter, telling them at the same time that it was a present from an angel expressive of his approbation of their prog-

ress. Foremost in these laudable efforts are the women, who consider the looking after the little ones, equipping them for and attending them to school, as one of their chief duties. The rabbis do not fail to inculcate this duty in allegorical but most forcible language, by declaring that "the world only subsists through the breath of the mouths of the little ones in the house of their teacher," and that women become deserving of the world to come by taking their children to the house of study; and, indeed, the instructions laid down for the guidance of teachers do not yield in excellence to any given in modern well-regulated schools. However, it is not the language and literature of their country (the reader must remember that we speak of a bygone age) that are studied; no; it is Hebrew, and exclusively Hebrew, that is taught. At first it is the Bible in the original language, with some Hebrew commentary, and subsequently the Talmud, with its subtle interpretations, which are the only branches of knowledge supposed to be worthy of the attention of the student. The language of the country it is supposed, if at all necessary, the pupil will pick up in after-life anyhow and anywhere. In the opinion of the strict Jew, the study of the law is the most meritorious occupation to which he could devote his life, and cannot fail to procure him a portion in the world to come. In his opinion everything that is worthy to be known is contained in the Talmud, and therefore the attention bestowed upon any other branch of knowledge, save that just mentioned, is a pure loss of time. To the study of the Talmud, therefore, that class of people devote the whole day and a large portion of the night; for the study of the Talmud they establish academies, to which thousands of young men resort, and where, under the guidance of a celebrated rabbi, they spend, in the exposition of the Talmud, the best years of their life.

The influence which this study exercises over the body and mind of the Jews is immense. The application to the study of so abstruse a work as the Talmud, at a period when the body is not half developed, has a most pernicious effect upon the general health of the pupil; his digestion suffers, his complexion turns sallow, and obstinate cutaneous diseases are not seldom the consequences. The large size (folio) in which that work, and especially its commentaries, are generally printed, compels the little scholar to stoop greatly when at study; hence the crooked and distorted figures of many Talmudic students. Further; the Talmud is read with an intonation of voice quite peculiar to itself; in fact, it may be said it is rather sung than read; so that a person acquainted with the intonation, without understanding the subject, could know whether the part just recited was a question, a reply, a narrative, a syllogism, &c. This custom impresses upon the voice of the habitual student of the Talmud the character of singing even when speaking on indifferent subjects. But on the other hand the same habit may develop at an early period in the Jewish youth the musical talent, if he possesses any, and thus account in some measure for the unusual fondness of Jews for vocal and instrumental music, and for the comparatively large number of composers which have sprung from among them.

The recitation of the Talmud is accompanied with very lively gestures. The body is in perpetual motion; the hands now quietly approach; anon are removed from each other with great rapid-

ity; now clapped together with great vehemence; and then again slowly, with the right thumb uppermost, raised to the level of the head, in accordance with the character of the passage expounded. This habit impresses upon the Jew brought up in that school a peculiar restlessness, even in common conversation. He cannot stand still for a moment. It is not only his lips; it is his hands, his eyes, his physiognomy, nay, his whole body, that speaks. These adverse influences are still more strengthened by Talmudical statements; for they consider an upright carriage as a sign of haughtiness; and declare that since the destruction of Jerusalem it does not become a Jew to walk upright.

Still greater is the influence exercised on their minds by the general and habitual study of the Talmud. The ingenuity which its exposition requires; the spirit of subtlety and hairsplitting with which it treats its subjects; the abrupt and enigmatic style in which it is written; and, lastly, the miscellaneous and rhapsodical character which it presents, greatly sharpen the intellect of the student; enable him, as it were, intuitively to seize on the right point at a glance; give him an uncommon zest for argument and debate, and a keen relish for all sorts of witticisms and *bon mots*, and an extraordinary versatility of mind. But, on the other hand, the same reasons render him averse to discipline and regular training, and he becomes impatient of detail; he will not plod on; he will run; if he wishes to reach the top of the ladder, he will rather try to succeed by a powerful leap, than by the slow yet sure operation of ascending step by step. Jews so constituted, betaking themselves to the fields of science or literature, will be more apt to succeed in metaphysics, pure mathematics, or poetry, than in any other department; in trade, they will often prosper in those kinds of business which require a quick perception, a bold spirit of speculation, ready-reckoning, and great power of combination. The wealth which Jews have amassed is thus partly accounted for.

However, although it is chiefly the intellect of the child that is cultivated, it were erroneous to suppose that his morals are neglected. It is not by mere word of mouth, but by practice, that morality is inculcated. No scholar of those Jewish seminaries could give a methodically-arranged account of his duties, for he has never been taught thus; but his whole day may be considered as passing in the performance of what he is taught to regard as meritorious acts. In his earliest infancy it is the scriptural precept—"The beginning of wisdom is fear of God"—which is enjoined on him. Reverence for his parents and teachers are represented as most sacred duties; and thus the behests of the parent are generally received with submission, and implicitly obeyed. A Jewish youth will scarcely ever sit down in the presence of his father, and even in his absence he will not occupy the chair upon which his parent is in the habit of resting. Prudence, economy, abstemiousness, control of temper, modesty, and chastity, are virtues which the child acquires merely from seeing them habitually exercised by those around him. Nor is cleanliness, so far, at least, as ablutions are concerned, neglected. To the performance of these, Jews of the class we are endeavoring to describe are induced, perhaps, less by their intrinsic value than by certain peculiar views. They believe that every night the soul leaves the body, in order to give an account in heaven of the manner in which the day was spent; and that during its absence an evil spirit takes pos-

session of the body; therefore, their very first act in the morning, on awaking, is to return thanks, in a short formal prayer, to the Almighty for having restored the soul. They, however, take care in that prayer not to pronounce the sacred name of God, as this would be unbecoming whilst in a state of uncleanness; for they are of opinion that as long as they have not performed the morning ablution, they are still under the influence of the evil spirit. Similar ablutions of the hands are also prescribed before prayers and before every meal.

Let us now suppose our infant grown up to boyhood, duly initiated into the intricacies of the Talmud, merrily gesticulating and singing over its contents, and let us throw a glance into his domestic life. Childhood is proverbial for its happiness; but, alas! the Jewish children have no childhood. They may be children in body, but not in mind. The stern earnest of life around them, the habitual sight of misery, and of the hard struggles of those nearest to them in order to obtain a scanty living, make them men and women the moment they have ceased to be infants. It is not merry nursery rhymes and frolicsome songs which are the first strains delighting the ears of the infant, and giving it a cheerful turn of mind; it is the recital of some bygone woe, or pending bilbul, (*false accusation*), which sadly strikes the ears of the child, and overcasts its mind with a gloomy shadow for life. For our own part, we have a perfect recollection, when a mere stripling, how we used to hang on the lips of an old Jew, who could not have been less than eighty-five years of age, imbibing with the eagerness of childhood the accounts of the days of yore. We remember being horrorstruck at the recital of the misery of an old Jewess, who, maintaining herself by baking bread for the workpeople who were engaged in building a church, was accused of having endeavored to cast a customer into the heated oven; how, upon this trumped-up charge, the accused—a sickly creature of seventy years—in order to expiate the pretended crime, dragging along her heavy chains, was compelled to perform the hard labor of a carrier of stones for the completion of the place of worship; how a young Jew, who had accidentally hit a stone crucifix, escaped a cruel death only by embracing the religion of the country. We used to cry with rage when he related to us how the squire forced the Jews on his estate to buy of him, for hard cash, foul fish, and all kinds of offal, for which he had no use; and how the tax-gatherer made it a rule to intrude upon them on Friday nights, and when not instantly satisfied, how he carried away the Sabbath-lamp, (the lighting of which on Sabbath eve is considered as a duty,) or the food prepared for the Sabbath, knowing, as he did, that they would rather starve than desecrate the day of rest by preparing a meal. However, to return from this digression, let us see how our young Jew spends his day.

#### *Daily Prayers—Phylacteries—Fringes—Meals.*

Having performed his morning ablution, he begins to dress. Among his wearing apparel only one article deserves especial mention. It consists of two pieces of cotton, or any other material of square form, fastened to two bands of the same material, which pass over the shoulders like braces, so that one of these square pieces falls over the chest, and the other over the back. Each of the four corners of this article, called *Arba Kanfoth*, (*four corners*), contains a hole through which woollen fringes are passed, and which are worn in commemoration of



the fringes ordered in Numbers xv. 38. He next recites certain prayers, preparatory to attending the morning service at synagogue; and without tasting any food, (the satisfaction of the cravings of nature previous to the discharge of the duty of prayer he would consider as a kind of sacrilege,) he hurries off to synagogue. The signal for going there is generally given him by three several blows of a hammer, struck on the house-door of each family by an individual paid for that purpose. The service commences rather early in the morning, as the believer is taught that a particular portion of the prayer is most acceptable to the Almighty when recited not later than a certain hour in the day. Thither the faithful is seen hastening with a large bag in his hand, and a smaller one in his pocket. The larger contains a quadrangular woollen or silk scarf, furnished on the four corners with fringes identical with those just described, and in which he wraps himself, sometimes oddly enough, whilst at prayers. The smaller bag contains the phylacteries (Exodus xiii. 16; Deut. vi. 8—xi. 18). These consist of two square blackened leathern cases sheltering certain parchment rolls, on which particular portions of the Pentateuch are written. These cases are fixed to long and slender leathern thongs blackened on one side; the latter serve to fasten one of the cases on the forehead, surrounding the head like a bandelet, and the other on the left arm next to the skin, opposite the heart.

After the performance of another ablution within the precincts of the synagogue, the faithful attires himself with his talith (*scarf*) and tephilin (*phylacteries*), devoutly pronouncing certain benedictions expressive of the command of God to perform these rites; and now, having, on entering the synagogue, reverentially bowed before the ark containing the scrolls of the law, and recited certain appropriate scriptural verses, he commences his prayers, which are all in Hebrew. These he offers up with a fervor which cannot be imagined by those who have not witnessed it. He is convinced that by using the proper devotion in the recital of certain portions, he will obtain a part in the world to come, and bring down blessings upon himself and others. His enthusiasm reaches the highest pitch when reciting "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one!" In his imagination he is ready to sacrifice everything for the unity of God; and whilst dwelling upon the word "one," he is taught to review in his mind the sufferings and glory of those co-religionists who incurred martyrdom for the unity of God. He bends his body backwards and forwards, he screams, he shouts, and all that without the least sense of impropriety. This noise very strangely contrasts with the stillness which prevails a little while after the recital of the prayers called *Shemoneh Esrah* (*Eighteen*; so called because it originally consisted of eighteen benedictions). It must be offered up in a standing posture; every one of the faithful turning his face towards the side containing the ark—namely, the east (in which direction, as it is known, Jerusalem lies); and with his feet closely drawn together, without stirring from the spot, as if riveted to the ground, he reads the prayer in solemn silence and with great devotion. The idea of sacredness attached to this prayer will become apparent to the reader when he is told that, according to the teaching of the rabbis, the faithful should not interrupt himself whilst reciting this portion of the service, not even if a snake were to wind round his heels.

After service breakfast is taken; but previous to

sitting down to this meal another ablution of the hands is performed, the 23d Psalm and a short benediction are said, and on breaking the first morsel of bread the following blessing is offered up by each individual—"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, who bringeth forth bread from the ground." After breakfast grace is said, which forms a very long prayer. In short, there is not any kind of enjoyment, however trivial, the partaking of which is not preceded by a prayer; nay, before drinking a drop of water, the strict Jew will say, "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, through whose word everything was formed." The most religious are anxious to offer up a hundred benedictions every day, and this they found upon a certain fanciful interpretation put upon Deuteronomy x. 12. No religious rite, however, is performed with the head uncovered.

The young student is now sent off to school. There, with the exception of the dinner hour, when the observances as described at breakfast are repeated, he usually remains until the evening service, which is followed by the night service. The labors of the day being now completed, supper, preceded and followed by the usual prayers, is taken, and the day is finally closed by devoutly kissing the *Mesusah*, (which will be explained hereafter,) and by reciting another long prayer. On retiring to rest, the strict mother rarely forgets to caution her son against loosening the strings of the nightcap which she ties round his head, as she considers the sleeping without such covering as irreligious; she further looks whether the tape is still fastened, which she likewise, from religious motives, has tied next to his shirt round his waist.

*The Sabbath.*—The current of gloomy existence is regularly broken by the advent of the Sabbath. The peculiar blessing bestowed by the day of rest is most deeply felt and appreciated by the oppressed, harassed, and careworn Jew; for the Sabbath not only brings repose to his body, but also solace to his mind; it not only erases temporarily the recollection of the melancholy past from his memory, but also instils into his bleeding soul hope for the future, and passes for a type and foretaste of that happiness which awaits the righteous in a better life. In his opinion the beneficial influence of the Sabbath extends also over the condemned in the infernal regions, who are released from their torments while the Sabbath lasts. He also thinks he receives every Sabbath an additional or a second soul, which leaves him again at the conclusion of the day. In the course of Friday, therefore, those Jews whom business has called away from their homes during the week are seen to return. The interior of the houses at the same time presents a very animated aspect; the female part of the families being engaged in scrubbing, scouring, and cleaning the rooms for the reception of the Sabbath, and in preparing the meals for that day, as no kind of labor must be performed on the day of rest. The afternoon is spent by both sexes in various operations, the object of which is personal cleanliness; the men also rid themselves of their beards. This is not so easy or simple a process as might be imagined; for, in consequence of the traditional interpretation put upon Leviticus xix. 27, the use of the razor is prohibited. The beard, therefore, must be removed by some other means; and this is effected by various processes, all slow, and more or less painful. The most usual method consists in the application to the face



of a kind of ointment, the ingredients of which are the mineral poison which, if I am not mistaken, is in English usually called orpiment, or the yellow sulphuret of arsenic and lime. This ointment, which emits a most offensive smell, not only effectively removes the beard, but often destroys the skin, if suffered to remain too long on the face, or if not washed carefully off.

An hour or so before the advent of the Sabbath, all labor ceases. The merchant leaves the counting-house, the mechanic lays aside his tools, and the shopkeeper closes his shop. Nothing will justify the violation of the day of rest except imminent danger to human life. At last some blows at the door proclaim that the Sabbath is approaching, and that it is time to go to synagogue, and off starts the whole male population. The service over, the young are seen reverentially to approach their fathers, uncles, and minister, humbly craving their blessing. These lay their hands upon the heads of each of the bending petitioners, devoutly pronouncing the words—"May God make thee as Ephraim and as Manasseh!" (Gen. xlviii. 20.)

Free from anxiety and grief—which, according to the teaching of the rabbis, must be dismissed with the advent of the Sabbath—they return home with countenances expressive of joy and contentment. Here they find all changed for the better. Everything is in its proper place, clean and bright, the floor scoured, the table covered with a snow-white cloth, laid for the evening meal. From the ceiling, above the table, are suspended one or two lamps, the lighting of which is considered as one of the principal duties of a religious housewife. The husband now cheerfully shakes his smiling wife by the hand, who, together with the daughters, are generally dressed in white. The latter reverentially approach their father, even as the sons the mother, craving their blessing, which is given to the daughters with the words—"May God make thee like Sarah and Rebecca, Rachel and Leah!" The whole family then join in singing a hymn, saluting "the angels of peace," who are supposed to hold now their entrance into the house, for the purpose of staying there over Sabbath. And as if desirous to call the attention of a husband to the worth of a good wife, and thereby to increase his esteem for the partner of his life, he is enjoined to read the 31st chapter of Proverbs, descriptive of the qualities of such a woman. The sanctification of the Sabbath then takes place, which consists in the solemn recitation of a benediction, and of certain scriptural passages, over two wheaten loaves, previous to breaking them. The two loaves are considered as typical of the double portion of manna vouchsafed on Fridays to the Israelites while in the wilderness. The family now sit down to the evening meal.

This being over, and the form of grace prescribed for the Sabbath properly chanted, the family join in singing hymns in praise of the Sabbath. The melodies are simple and becoming, and make a cheerful impression. Some of the hymns are beautiful, and deserve to be more generally known than they are. The rest of the evening, if there be still time, is spent in a friendly visit to a neighbor, or in conversation of the members of the household among themselves. Various are the subjects started; the principal topics of discussion, however, are the merits of the Baal Darshan (*itinerant preacher*) and of the band of singers who have arrived in the afternoon, and have received permission from the Parness (*chief-warden*) to edify the congregation in

the service of the morrow. The preacher is generally a Polish rabbi, with a long beard, immensely long curls hanging down his temples, (Lev. xix. 27,) clothed with a long flowing robe, and a high fur cap, who has acquired by rote four or five clever Talmudical dissertations, with one of which he is going to dazzle his audience. The would-be sermon is neither a moral nor scientific discourse, nor does it treat of doctrinal points. It is a tissue of subtle ingenuities, such as are to be found in abstruse metaphysical treatises. The preacher generally sets out with some Talmudical passage, endeavors to show inconsistencies in it, or that it contradicts some other Talmudical statement, or that another later rabbinical authority apparently took a different view of the subject. And when he has led his audience into the most inextricable part of the maze, and made them despair of ever getting out of the labyrinth, all at once a new text is introduced, or an unexpected turn given to those already introduced; and behold! as though it were by a magic spell, all intricacies are smoothed, and the magician walks forth on level ground over all those artificial fences which a while ago hedged him in on all sides. There is a story of a discourse by such an itinerant preacher, the object of which was to prove that Job himself agreed in opinion with a certain Talmudic authority which maintained that Job, as a person, had never existed. The conclusion of the discourse is usually an exhortation tending to enforce the stricter observance of some ceremonial rite or rabbinical institution. The band of singers generally hold a permanent engagement in some large congregation, but receive leave every year to travel for some weeks. Their song is of a peculiar kind, and often exhibits a great deal of native, but of course uncultivated talent; but frequently it partakes more of the nature of vociferation than of a musical performance, and is a perfect torture to a cultivated ear. It is peculiar to these singers to hold, whilst singing, their right hand to the right cheek, and to lay the thumb on the throat. We could never ascertain if this was merely the result of habit, or intended to assist the emission of sounds.

In the morning another service is performed; this being concluded, the blessing, as in the preceding evening, imparted to the young folks, and the hearty wishes of a "happy Sabbath" exchanged, every one hurries home to breakfast, to which, as they scarcely eat anything before prayer, and as the service never lasts less than two hours, they always bring a good appetite. The benediction of sanctification being said, and breakfast taken, the short interval between that meal and dinner is filled up in various ways, and occasionally in examining the boys in what they have learned during the week—fortunate the lad who passes unscathed through this furnace! His will be the prediction on the part of the examining preacher of future eminence as rabbi, and the more substantial reward of an apple or pear. Sometimes, however, should the chief rabbi of the district happen to institute the examination, and be satisfied with the proficiency of the student, he will grant the scholar a diploma, by means of which he becomes a fellow, (*Khaber*), and must henceforth in every religious act have the epithet of Master (*Rab*) prefixed to his name. Dinner, grace, and the singing of hymns ended, every one is left to himself until the afternoon prayer. The elderly and the seriously disposed generally employ the interval in attending the exposition of some religious or moral work,

usually the "Ethics of the Fathers;" a production the moral precepts of which can stand the test of the severest criticism, and deserves to be more generally known than it is. The young people however, sometimes contrive, if they can obtain the permission of the local authority, to have a dance, or go out into the fields for a ramble. At last the time of the afternoon service arrives, which is followed by the evening meal, to be taken before the close of the Sabbath, it being held that every Israelite should take three meals on Sabbath. The day of rest is concluded with the night service, the first portion of which is generally said in perfect darkness, the Sabbath not being over until three stars be plainly seen, and it being unlawful for an Israelite to light a candle while it is Sabbath. The Sabbath is finally concluded by the chanting of certain hymns. And now the routine of everyday life begins, with all its monotony and accompanying toil; the souls of the wicked are driven back to the place of torture; the additional soul leaves the body of the unfortunate Jew; the protecting angels of peace depart from his dwelling, and with them his happy and cheerful countenance, and his goodly garments; the white table-cloth disappears from the table; the bright lamp from above it; and the dingy walls again frown upon the gloomy, careworn tenants, as if the Sabbath had never existed.

Here we may be permitted to state some particulars with respect to the Sabbath, for which we could not find before an appropriate place. However homely the Jew may fare during the week, he will contrive to have something superior for the Sabbath. To this he is encouraged by the greatest rabbinical authorities, who recommend good cheer on that day as a religious duty; and the absence of fish or meat on Friday night would be considered by them as a serious deprivation. The strict rest enjoined for the Sabbath prevents the Jew not only from performing any servile work, but even from touching the instruments used in the performance of such labor. But as in the northern ungenial climate it would be impossible comfortably to spend the Sabbath without such labor, this is generally performed by some woman of the Christian religion engaged for that purpose. In each Ghetto, for this reason, there are established a few persons of that description who make a comfortable living through these services. From long and frequent intercourse with Jews these women are acquainted with all the rites of their employers, know all their peculiar terms, and are almost considered as members of Jewish families. They enter without ceremony the room of their employers on festivals and Friday nights, trim the lamps, snuff or put out the candles, and attend the fire. Such women have been known sometimes to be more observant of Jewish ceremonies than Jewesses themselves, and to have taught Jewish children their morning or evening prayers. Sometimes, however, this friendly relation between Jew and Gentile is disturbed for a time by a mandate of some intolérant prelate. Such a measure, however, is always greatly regretted by these persons, and brings much distress upon the Jews, who, from religious motives, undergo severe hardships until the intercourse is reestablished.

The necessity of preparing the Sabbath meal on Friday, and the desire so natural in cold climates of having a hot dinner, has given rise to a dish quite peculiar to the Jews, and which goes by the name of "shalit." It consists of meat, peas, beans, or rice, put into a pot, and placed on Friday after-

noon into an oven heated for that purpose, and left there until Saturday noon, when, on being withdrawn, it is found still quite hot. This is a favorite mess, but in general very indigestible.

*Days of Mourning.*—The monotony of every-day life is further relieved by various seasons of rejoicing and mourning. The progress of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem are commemorated by public fasts. The principal among these is that of "Tishah Beab," (the 9th of the month of Ab—some time in the month of July,) which is the anniversary of the burning of the Temple both under Neburhadnezzar and Titus.

Twenty-one, or at least nine days previous to that *dies nefastus*, all public rejoicings are prohibited; no wedding takes place, no meat is eaten, bathing is avoided, and the beard suffered to grow. On the 8th of Ab, in the afternoon, the whole family sit on the ground, as though they had been bereft of a near relative, and the meal of mourning (consisting of eggs or lentils) is partaken of. In the evening the whole congregation meet in the synagogue, which at that period presents a most sombre appearance. The place of worship is but faintly lighted by bits of candles. The congregation with felt-shoes on their feet, and in the attire of deep mourning, sit on the ground, or at least not on their usual seats, and listen to the lugubrious strain in which the "Lamentations" are recited, or chant alternately heart-stirring elegies commemorative of the national calamities of Israel. Late in the evening the congregation separates. Some persons, however, spend the whole night in prayer; others sleep on the bare ground; and all, besides fasting, abstain more or less from the usual comforts of life. The morning reassembles the faithful in the synagogue, when the same rites as in the evening are repeated. The time after the service is spent in listening to the exposition of accounts on the sufferings of Israel, and in visiting the burial-grounds. The day is concluded with another solemn service.

*Seasons of Rejoicing.*—The principal seasons for rejoicing are—the first day of every month; the Feast of Lights; and that of Purim. To the first two our space will not permit us to advert, but of the latter a few details may be subjoined.

It is kept on the 14th day of Adar (some time in February.) On the eve of the 13th, as well as on the morning of the 14th, the whole congregation meet in the synagogue, in order to hear the solemn chanting of the book of Esther. Purim is the festival when good cheer is especially enjoined. At the evening meal, the grave and generally very abstemious rabbi indulges in an additional glass of wine. This license he takes at the express recommendation of the Talmud, which relates strange tales of pious men, who, in consequence of over-indulgence in the treacherous liquor, made odd blunders in their intended encomiums on Mordecai. Among the young folks frolic and fun reign paramount. They disguise themselves in a grotesque manner, and thus pay visits to their friends, reciting gay verses, and occasionally performing parts of the book of Esther, dramatized for the purpose; while at the same time, faithful to the customs of their ancestors, presents are interchanged by friends and acquaintances (Esther ix. 22). This opportunity is also taken by many charitable persons to assist the necessitous, by affording them relief in a most delicate manner, under the appearance of a Purim present. Nor are the schoolmasters, and

other scantily-salaried congregational officers, forgotten on this festive occasion.

**Passover.**—Another break in the current of the year is the celebration of the festivals commanded in the Pentateuch. Foremost among these ranks the Passover, which begins on the 14th of Nisan, (some time in March,) and lasts eight days. Immediately after Purim, preparations for this festival are made. The wheat for the Passover cakes (upon which no rain, or any kind of moisture, must have fallen after being cut) is sent to the mill, in order to be ground. This operation, as well as that of baking the flour into cakes, must be carried on under the superintendence of some one skilled in the law, and who is acquainted with all the contingencies through which the preparation would, according to tradition, be brought under the denomination of leaven, and thus be rendered unfit for use on Passover.

Whilst this is passing out of the house, great activity is displayed within. The walls are white-washed, the floor is scrubbed and scoured, the surface of every fixture is scraped, or covered over with new paper or wooden slabs, kept exclusively for Passover uses, and metal vessels are made red-hot; and all this for the purpose of removing any portion of leaven that might attach to them. This is the period of the year when the scriptural behest, "And he shall rule over thee," so far as Jewish families are concerned, is actually reversed, for the lord of the creation is ruthlessly chased by the female portion of the house from room to room and corner to corner. Every piece of furniture, bedding, hangings, desks, books, and shelves, must pass under the review of their inquisitorial eye, and ultimately through the ordeal of scalding water, or any material likely to dislodge the enemy they are looking after.

The night preceding the eve of this festival is a very busy time with the whole household, for on it all the utensils and vessels employed during the year are removed to some remote chamber, as being unfit for use on Passover, and replaced by those destined for the festival, and which for that purpose have been kept locked up in a separate room during the rest of the year. At length, a short evening service having ushered in the solemn season, the younger branches having duly implored the blessings of the superiors, and the worshippers having wished each other happy holidays, the faithful hasten to their respective homes, the interior of which now presents a sight which claims particular notice.

Owing to the processes mentioned, the dwelling-room is quite metamorphosed. This change becomes still more conspicuous from the peculiar appearance which the table, with its appurtenances, presents; for besides the paraphernalia usual on Sabbath, and which have been described elsewhere, on the table are set a large covered dish, several small vessels, a large cup, and as many wine-glasses as there are individuals in the room. The table is surrounded by chairs, except on one side, which is occupied by a couch, or chairs arranged in the manner of a couch, destined to serve for seats to the master and mistress of the house, and comfortably covered with pillows, especially on the left side, against which the occupants are supposed to lean. The Jews, who on that evening are taught to look upon themselves at least as freemen, if not as princes, indulge in this luxury, no doubt in imitation of the ancients, who, as is known, feasted in a

similar manner. The master on this occasion puts on a snow-white flowing robe and cap. These articles of apparel are always the gift of the wife, and are only worn on solemn occasions—such as Passover-eve, or the Day of Atonement; and lastly, robed in the same apparel, he will also be one day carried to the grave.

The wine-glasses are now filled, the whole company sit down, the master of the house pronounces various benedictions, and at last, uncovering the large dish, breaks one of the cakes it contains, laying a portion of it aside, of which more will be said by and by. He next removes from off the dish the bone of the lamb and the roasted egg, which were placed there in commemoration of the paschal lamb, and of another offering, usually brought with it, and, laying hold of the dish, pronounces an appropriate prayer. The wine-glasses are now replenished, not forgetting the large cup in the middle of the table, placed there in honor of an invisible guest—the prophet Elijah. The act of drinking of the wine, and consequently of refilling the glasses, is, according to a rabbinical institution, repeated four times. This rite is scrupulously observed, even by the poor, and in those countries where wine is expensive.

The first portion of the service being over, and the usual benedictions pronounced, the master of the house, previous to the evening meal, distributes among those present the contents of the small vessels mentioned above. They consist of bitter herbs, and of a clay-colored compound made of almonds, apples, and cinnamon. The former are eaten in obedience to the law commanding—"They shall eat unleavened cakes upon bitter herbs." The latter is supposed to be intended to remind the faithful, by its color and consistence, of the bricks and mortar which their ancestors were compelled to make in Egypt.

Supper now takes place, and the service is about to be recommenced, when, previous to saying grace, the father of the family makes an awful discovery, which, for the moment, puts a stop to all further proceedings; he misses the portion of the cake which he has broken at the beginning of the service, and carefully hidden under the pillow by his side. This is not a loss easily to be borne; for this portion of the cake is to be divided among those present, after the eating of which it is unlawful to partake of anything that evening. This portion, moreover, is, in popular superstition, endowed with divers singular powers—such as keeping off and even healing the ague, calming the agitated sea, &c.—for which purpose fragments of it are preserved by many from Passover to Passover. Whilst the father still fumbles about under the pillow, and the family are kept in a state of suspense, a little urchin at the table is observed furtively to smile, and to cast about portentous glances, as much as to say—"I know where it is, but you shall not have it without a fair compensation for the trouble I had in abstracting it from its hiding-place." Immediately negotiations are set on foot with the young thief, who at last, on the promise of a new coat, cap, &c., surrenders the abstracted treasure. The ceremony now proceeds undisturbed to its conclusion.

This night is considered by the Jews as very auspicious, and no fear of accident or mishap is entertained by them; for Scripture calls it "a night of watching with the Lord" (Exodus xii. 42). But, alas! how often has this confidence been woefully disappointed; for there is no festival



on which hilarity has so frequently been changed into sadness.

Owing to the idea of sacredness attached to the Passover rites, and in order not to be compelled to eat leavened food, every Jew, when travelling, will endeavor to reach before Passover some place where co-religionists reside; for this reason also Jewish soldiers and prisoners are, if they wish for it, provided with food during that festival at the expense of the several congregations; for this reason also both private and public charity are never exerted with greater liberality than on this occasion; and there are few families but have on Passover-eve two, and sometimes as many as ten guests. Moreover, without instituting any particular inquiries, the wardens of the congregations will give to any Jew choosing to ask, a number of cakes proportionate to the number of individuals in whose behalf the request is made. Indeed, without the vigorous exercise of this charitable feeling, it were impossible for the numerous poor to keep the festival, the expense attending its celebration for eight days being very great. The following morning is celebrated by a solemn service in the synagogue, and in the evening the domestic service of the previous night is repeated. The seventh day—the anniversary of the passage through the Red Sea—is celebrated in the synagogue by the solemn chanting of the sublime song recorded in Exodus xv. This day, however, is not the last of the festival, as might be inferred from the Scriptural command; for an eighth day is added. The addition of another day is observed with respect to every festival, except that of the Day of Atonement.

*The Sephirah.*—The seven weeks elapsing between the second day of Passover and the Feast of Weeks (Deut. xvi. 9, 10) is called the Sephirah (*Counting*). It derives its name from the circumstance, that on every evening during that period, after the night service, each individual solemnly pronounces the following benediction:—"Blessed art thou, O Lord God, who hath sanctified us with His commandments, and commanded us concerning the counting of the Omer" (Numbers xxiii. 15); adding thereto the number of days which have elapsed since the second day of Passover, on which, according to the rabbinical authorities, the Omer was offered up in the Temple. This period is now considered by the Jews as one of melancholy and mourning. It was during that period that the 40,000 disciples, or rather followers, of the high-minded Rabbi Akiba met their fatal doom, under the leadership of the false Messiah Bar Kokheba, by the sword of the ruthless Romans, or, as a more improbable tradition asserts, that this number of disciples was swept away by a pestilence, as a punishment for not having respected each other; and again, it was during that period that, in 1096, a portion of the Crusaders committed the greatest outrages on the unfortunate Jews residing in the places through which these enthusiasts passed. The walls of many synagogues still resound during the Sabbaths of the Sephirah with melancholy elegies commemorating such calamities. No weddings are solemnized, no festivity takes place, no new dress is put on; a general mourning prevails, and the men suffer their beards to grow. The mourning is only interrupted for one day—namely, on the 33d of the Sephirah. On that day tradition says the mortality ceased among the disciples of Akiba, or, what is more probable, the survivors

were permitted by the conqueror to inter their dead brethren who had fallen during the slaughter consequent upon the taking of Bethar (see any history of the Jews' wars under Hadrian). This day is therefore kept as a kind of half-festival—all signs of mourning being suppressed.

The expiration of the Sephirah is the commencement of the "Feast of Weeks." This festival is now celebrated in commemoration of the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai, which, according to rabbinical computation, took place at that period. This is a season of great rejoicing and hilarity. The synagogues are decorated with wreaths of flowers and splendid nosegays, and the floor is strewn with *Calamus aromaticus*, and other odoriferous herbs; and the interior resounds with hymns in celebration of the occasion. Nor are the private houses less gayly ornamented than the places of public worship.

*The Days of Awe.*—The next festival is that commonly called by the Jews Rosh Hashanah (*the Beginning of the Year*), which is celebrated some time in the month of September. This festival is considered as the first day of the civil year, in contradistinction to the ecclesiastical year, commencing with the first of the month of Nissan (some time in April).

The period of Rosh Hashanah is the most solemn of the whole year. Scripture and tradition unite in impressing upon it the character of profound awe. The latter designates it as the anniversary of the creation of the universe, and as the day when the Supreme Being judges mankind, and pronounces their doom for the year to come. It is therefore a period of repentance, for which a month's previous preparation is made by additional prayers, services performed before daybreak, and the blowing of the shofar. This primitive musical instrument consists of a ram's horn cleaned, smoothed, and made bright by the known processes, having a tapering shape, and bent like a hook in the lower part, with a narrow opening at the top, and a wide one at the bottom. The shrill sounds to be produced by it have been arranged into various classes, each of which is designated by a special name; and the party appointed to blow the horn must know these names, so as to be able to sound the particular tone required. Sacred as this festival is, it is yet only preparatory to that celebrated on the tenth of the month, called the Day of Atonement. The whole of the ten days are for this reason called the Ten Days of Penitence, and the holy days themselves the Days of Awe. The religious Jew looks for the advent of that period with feelings of rejoicing mingled with uncommon awe and reverence. He prepares himself for the due celebration of these festivals by a scrupulous self-examination, by the endeavor to compensate for any wrong he might have inflicted, to obtain the pardon of those he might have offended, and by fasting and penance for the purpose of expiating the sins committed. He holds that the Day of Atonement expiates only sins committed against God, but does not affect offences committed against fellow-men, unless their pardon be previously obtained. Touching instances are recorded of individuals high in station, and eminent for learning, having at the approach of the Days of Awe humbly and repeatedly craved the pardon of persons in every respect their inferiors for the use of an opprobrious expression uttered in the heat of passion. Before daybreak a public service is held in the

synagogue, and in the afternoon, before the advent of the festival of new year, another is performed, after which the religious bathe. The evening service is not distinguished by any particular feature. At the evening meal, some rare fruit coming in season, and an apple with new honey, are always present. The eating of the former is preceded by the solemn benediction, "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, who hath kept us alive, and preserved us, and allowed us to attain to this period." The eating of the latter is typical of a "sweet new year." The morning service begins at daybreak; the faithful hastens to the synagogue before tasting food. The devotion with which he implores divine mercy for forgiveness of his sins is most exemplary. With his ample prayer-book before him, he turns his face towards the wall, and wraps himself up so completely in his scarf, that nothing but the front part of his face remains uncovered. The more scrupulously religious put on the white robe mentioned above, and those officiating in the service always appear in it.

The most sacred part of the service, as mentioned before, is the blowing of the shofar. It is the duty of each adult Israelite to hear its sound, and no one in good health would venture to break his fast before his ear has caught the sounds of the shofar. An awful stillness prevails before this part of the service begins, during which every one prepares himself in silence for the act, whilst a special prayer is offered up by the party appointed to blow the horn. At last the solemn silence is interrupted by the bidding of the minister, "blow;" and the summons is obeyed. Thrice the minister bids, and thrice the horn resounds, after which a prayer is recited, when the same ceremony is twice repeated.

At length the ninth of the penitential days—that before the day of Atonement—arrives. This day must not be kept as a fast, as the other penitential days are by many strict Jews. On the contrary, it is enjoined not to abstain on it from the usual comforts of life. As soon as the afternoon meal is over, and grace said, nobody is permitted to take any further nourishment, or to indulge in any of those comforts exciting pleasurable sensations; for this is the interpretation given to the command, "Ye shall afflict your souls," (Lev. xvi. 31;) every one now hastens to the synagogue, the interior of which presents a solemn and imposing aspect. There the worshippers stand in awe and reverence, wrapt in silent meditation—their feet, according to Eastern fashion, without the usual covering of boots or shoes, but protected by felt-slippers—enveloped in their scarfs; the married men dressed in snow-white flowing robes, and caps to correspond, whilst numerous wax-candles shed a flickering light throughout the building. These are as many in number as there are heads of families, each sending one candle to the synagogue. At last the signal for prayers is given by the rabbi, and the minister begins to chant, in a low, scarcely audible tone, a formula, which is repeated three times, during which the plaintive, tremulous, heart-stirring tune gradually rises to a higher pitch, so as to be distinctly heard over the whole building. The service lasts to a late hour in the evening. Many of the worshippers, however, do not leave the synagogue at all, but spend there the whole night in prayer, meditation, and study of the law. The morning service begins at daybreak, and extends over the day, during which time many of the religious do not leave their seats for one moment, and some

stand the whole time. The prayers are divided, according to the sacrifices brought to the temple, into the morning, additional, and afternoon service, to which, towards the evening, another, termed *Neilah*, (*Closing*), is added. This portion of the service is remarkable for the ardor with which the faithful pour forth these concluding prayers before the throne of mercy. It seems that at the reflection that the gates of heaven, through which the prayers ascend, are now being closed, the flame of devotion breaks forth with renewed vigor. Vanished has every trace of languor and faintness consequent upon fasting and confinement to a crowded place, the air of which is tainted by the exhalations of so many individuals, and the burning of so many candles; and at the recital of that portion of the service where the unity of God is acknowledged, the edifice reëchoes with the thrilling burst of hundreds of voices proclaiming "the Lord, he is God," repeated seven times, and bearing, in their deep emotion, the stamp that they proceed from souls powerfully impressed with the presence of the Supreme Being, and quailing beneath the reflection, that but for his mercy there would be no hope for them.

Night at last having brought the service to a close, the worshippers hasten home to break their fast, after which friendly visits are paid and mutual inquiries exchanged respecting each other's health after the trials of the day.

*Feast of Tabernacles.*—On the evening of the 14th day of the same month the Feast of Tabernacles commences, (Lev. xxiii. 42.) The interval between the Day of Atonement and this festival is employed in preparations for this festive period. Each family fits up some room—especially built for this purpose—for a booth, or erects one in the courtyard or garden. The ungenial climate of the north, and the advanced season of the year, (generally late in September,) will not allow the Jew to make the booth his regular dwelling-place during the festival; but he at least takes his meals in it. Another peculiarity of this festival is the use of a branch of a palm-tree, of a willow, myrtle, and citron. It is these which, according to tradition, are meant by Leviticus xxiii. 40. The willow branch and the myrtle are tied to the lower part of the bough of the palm-tree, but the citron is kept separate; and it is the duty of every congregation to provide these requisites for the use of the members. There are, however, few religious Jews, who, if they can afford it, do not procure them for their private use. Grasping the palm branch with the right hand, and with the left the citron, and holding them close together, a benediction expressive of the occasion is pronounced, and the branch slightly shaken. This ceremony is gone through every morning during the seven days of the festival, and by each individual separately. No Jew would taste food before the performance of this rite.

The eighth day should properly so conclude the festival; but rabbinical authority has added a ninth, under the title of "Rejoicing with the Law." This, as its name betokens, is a day of great merriment, in which even the gravest rabbis—of course in their own way—take part, expressive of their delight in, and attachment to, the Law, the last section of which is publicly chanted in the synagogue; for the Pentateuch is divided into fifty-four sections, according to the number of Sabbaths contained in an intercalary year; and on each Sabbath, beginning with that following this festival, its

respective portion is read, so that the whole cycle is completed on the Sabbath before, or rather, as established by custom, on that festival. The synagogues on this occasion exhibit scenes of extraordinary bustle, and not rarely also of uproarious joy. In the evening the places of worship are crowded, and the boys are seen entering with little gayly-painted banners and wax tapers in their hands. The synagogues are most sumptuously lighted; and before the ark generally glitters a veil of very costly materials, not unfrequently gorgeously bedecked with pearls and precious stones.

After a short service the veil is drawn back, the ark opened, and the scrolls of the law—covered with costly stuffs, and occasionally also with plates of precious metal—are solemnly handed by the beadle to various persons summoned by name to the ark for that purpose. This done, a portable canopy, carried by several youths, is extended over the minister and wardens, who, with the scrolls in their hands, head a solemn procession, which is joined by all other bearers of scrolls, the youth, and the little boys, the latter holding in their hands the banners alluded to, at the tops of which lighted wax tapers are fastened, all chanting hymns in praise of the law.

*The Bar Mitzvah.*—The first stage of life in which our young Jew is made to act a conspicuous part may be considered that which is popularly termed *Bar Mitzvah* (*Son of the Commandment*). It is held by the Jews that the parents are morally responsible for all sins committed by their son before his thirteenth year; but that after this his sins are imputed to himself, and that henceforth he incurs the obligation of practising all religious duties, from many of which he was hitherto exempted by reason of his tender age. Henceforth the young Jew is expected to fast on every fast-day, and put on the phylacteries at the morning prayer; he counts for an adult in the prayer-meetings, which cannot claim the character of public ones unless they be attended by ten adult males; is eligible to be called upon to say grace aloud after meals, and to be summoned to the reading-desk in the synagogue; in short, he is considered as an adult for every religious purpose.

Several weeks before his thirteenth birthday, he is made acquainted with all those rites the performance of which is now incumbent upon him, and taught to practise them. On the first Sabbath after his thirteenth birthday, the youth is summoned for the first time in his life to the reading-desk, where he generally chants himself the lesson for the day, whilst the father pronounces the following benediction:—"Blessed be he that has freed me from the punishment [responsibility] of this." This day is kept as a domestic feast by the whole family, and is celebrated by a meal, to which all the friends and teachers of the youth are invited. During the meal, if he possesses the requisite ability, he holds a Talmudical dissertation, taught to him for the purpose, after which he solemnly recites the usual grace. In the afternoon the parents receive visits of congratulation, when the various presents are displayed which the lad on that occasion generally receives from his relatives and friends.

*Avocations of the Jews.*—It is rarely, if ever, that the parents withdraw their son from school before his thirteenth year. After this period they look out for some occupation for him. This, however, is no

easy matter. It is not that they are embarrassed in the choice by the number of pursuits before them, but rather by their paucity. From many professions a Jew is virtually excluded by not being admitted to seminaries where the requisite education is to be obtained; from others he excludes himself, knowing, as he does, that he could never gain his livelihood by them, he being ineligible for any public appointment. The same is the case with most trades. From some he is debarred by direct legal prohibitions, or by restrictive enactments of guilds and corporations. Again; there are trades against the practice of which there is no legal impediment, and yet he is not always able to follow them, because they can only be pursued with success in certain localities where he must not establish himself. The selection, therefore, lies amongst some few. If the youth show talent and inclination for study, the parents not rarely will send him to a Talmudical academy. Golden visions of the future eminence of their son as a distinguished Talmudic scholar will flit through their mind; and the hope of seeing him one day decorated with the dignity of rabbi, and of shining thus in the lustre and merit reflected by the son on the authors of his life, will impel them cheerfully to make all the sacrifices which his outfit and partial support at the yeshibah (*academy*) entail.

*The Academy.*—The new bakhur (*student*) resorts, in the company of his father, to some academy. In its choice the father is sometimes guided by the fame of the presiding rabbi, and at other times by its vicinity to his own dwelling-place, or the facilities afforded to students for maintaining themselves. Such academies are established in large congregations, either at the desire of the rabbi, or at that of his flock, who consider the establishment of a yeshibah among them as one of the most meritorious acts they could perform. The students are admitted to the expositions of the rabbi without any fee. The members of the congregation very often make small allowances to the best students, and invite them to their tables on all festivals and festive occasions. Those students who have no such invitation are billeted every Sabbath on the members, and it is a common practice for families to provide a free table during the whole week for seven students, every one of them partaking of the hospitality in his turn on the appointed day. But as many of the parents are not in a position to assist their sons, as the majority of the congregations are exceedingly poor, as there are no funds available for the support of the students, and as their number is very often quite out of proportion to the numerical strength of the community among whom they live, private charity, however vigorously exerted, is not sufficient for their maintenance; and the destitution therefore which prevails among them is often frightful. It is known from the life of the celebrated Moses Mendelssohn, that when a bakhur at the yeshibah of Berlin, he for some time could only afford to buy a single loaf of bread per week, which he divided into seven equal portions; and, whatever were the cravings of nature, never allowed himself to indulge in the luxury of eating two portions of the loaf on one day, knowing as he did that the plenty of to-day must be expiated by the scarcity of to-morrow. This destitution, together with solitary habits, the want of healthful exercise, confinement in unwholesome lodgings, inattention to personal decorum, joined to excessive studies, watchings, fasts, and other ascetic



practices, gives these students a kind of unearthly, ghastly expression, a stern and baleful countenance, and an appearance of odd peculiarities and of ungainly manners. Among their own co-religionists, however, they enjoy the reputation of great versatility of mind, and the faculty of easily adapting themselves to circumstances; and it is a proverb among them, "out of a bakhur anything can be made." And indeed there are numerous instances on record favoring this view; for there are few pursuits accessible to Jews in which Talmudical students, when turning their attention to them, did not become eminent.

The first business of the father on arriving at the academy is to present his son to the rabbi, by whom the student is examined; and if not sufficiently far advanced, the rabbi assigns him a "repeating tutor," whose duty it is to prepare his charge for the prelections, and repeat with and explain to him the expositions of the teacher. Twice, or even more frequently, a week, generally on the mornings of Mondays and Thursdays after service, the exposition is held in some room of the private house of the rabbi. Every student is expected to be present, and to have thoroughly studied the portion of the Talmud forming the subject of the prelection.

The subject treated is always taken from the Talmud, a treatise of which is expounded in regular order. The exposition of the last portion is generally celebrated by a meal, in which master and disciples dine together, reciting certain prayers, the object of which is to thank Providence for having been permitted to conclude so meritorious a work as to study through a Talmudical treatise, and to implore for life and strength to be able to proceed in that work.

The fate of these students in life is various. Those who become great proficient in Talmudical lore, and bear a good character, receive in due time from their masters the *hatarah* (permission.) This is a diploma which empowers them to decide all religious questions referred to them according to the Jewish code, and consequently makes them eligible for the office of rabbi. They, moreover, have thereby conferred on them the distinguished title of *Morenu*, (*our teacher*), by which they are henceforth summoned to the performance of religious rites. The mass of the students, however, must be satisfied with subordinate offices, or to turn later in life to temporal pursuits. The figure which the latter cut in life is very often singular. Unacquainted with the practical world, for the intercourse with which they were not trained, they are very often unfit for any other occupation save that of studying the Talmud. It is therefore upon their wives that the obligation devolves of providing for the family, and of discharging the duties generally performed by men; and ludicrous incidents arising from this strange position are related. Thus one of these students being summoned before a magistrate, in order to sign a certain document, his wife appeared in his place; and when asked why her husband did not attend, the reply was, "My husband is a scholar, who can neither read nor write." Of course she meant the language of the country.

As may be easily imagined, it is only a small fraction of the Jewish youth that repair to the yeshibah. The majority of them embrace some other occupation. There is only one avocation unencumbered and suited to the small means of the parents, and perhaps also congenial to the restless and roving disposition of the youth. He is duly provided with a few yards of tape, with knives, pins, needles,

&c., and sent out to the distant and outlying farms to sell his goods, or to barter them for other productions; in other words, the youth is duly installed as pedlar. As he advances in years and skill more valuable goods are entrusted to him, his operations increase, and his range is enlarged. On Monday he leaves the parental house, bending under the load of a heavy package which threatens to break his back, toils from village to village, from cottage to cottage, offering his goods for sale, and does not return before Friday. This mode of life is excessively irksome, and replete with misery. In the biting frost of the winter, and in the scorching heat of the summer, the young Jew is seen tottering along on solitary roads and bypaths leading to lonely farms, stopping every two hundred yards, and leaning against his knotty stick, to enjoy the comfort of a moment's repose. His frame is often feeble, but his package must always be heavy; for the larger his stock of goods, the more choice, and consequently the greater the chance of selling. At daybreak he generally sets out, and, however cold the day, he will never fail to tuck up the sleeves of his coat and shirt on the left hand, in order to put on the phylacteries previous to saying his morning prayers; and in the intervals of repose he will be often seen to pull out his psalter and recite psalms. As his religious scruples do not allow him to partake of unlawful food, he is confined in his diet to bread, milk, butter, and eggs, and very often from Sabbath to Sabbath does not taste warm victuals. After the toil of the day he sleeps, if the farmer permit it, in the barn or some outhouse; and even if retiring to an inn, he will lie down on a bundle of straw on the bare ground, his small earnings and saving disposition not allowing him to pay for the comfort of resting himself in a bed. It is only in his own house that he indulges in that luxury.

*A Jewish Marriage.*—At length, after several years of toil, severe privations, and self-denial, the pedlar has succeeded in saving some little money, and begins to maintain matrimonial ideas. In these he is strengthened by the dislike which the Jews as a body have for celibacy, and by the injunctions of rabbinical authorities, who represent marriage as a direct command of God, (Genesis, i. 28,) and fix for a man the eighteenth year as that on which he might contract a marriage. This, however, is not so easy a matter. There are obstacles in the way, the removal of which requires considerable means, long perseverance, and the interference of a third party. The intercourse among the sexes of that denomination not being so free as among their Christian neighbors, the young people have not frequent opportunities of knowing each other sufficiently, or of forming lasting intimacies; and as, moreover, the Jewish population is in some districts only thinly scattered, there are not rarely disparities among the few marriageable individuals which render an alliance among them ineligible. These circumstances have given rise to a class of persons who have received the name of *Shadkhanim*. They make it their business to become acquainted with all those particulars which people like to know before making or responding to any overtures in matrimonial affairs. And when such an individual has assorted a couple, and arranged matters in his mind, he sets about it in right earnest. He begins with canvassing the parents of one of the parties. For this purpose he sometimes travels fifty or sixty miles. As his business is not lucrative enough to

allow him to go by the stage, or any other conveyance, he travels on foot. This mode of locomotion, however, has the advantage of affording him an opportunity of stopping in every place through which he passes wherein Jews dwell. He does so for the double purpose of refreshing himself, of completing his register, and entering new items concerning the new discoveries which he is making on the journey. His well-known avocation is a passport for him which insures him a friendly reception in every family he chooses to favor with his presence, and even procures him urgent invitations from such families as wish to insinuate themselves into his good graces, or bring before his notice the budding beauties under their roof. There is a great deal of talk and fluttering at the expected visit of the important personage, as it is well known how much depends upon the first impression to be produced upon the Shadkhan. Aware of the importance of the moment, the family council sit in secret conclave, in order to devise means for drawing the attention of the critical man from the pimple in the face of the daughter, and direct it to those charms and accomplishments which, in the eyes of the council, she really possesses. That the daughter is set off to the greatest advantage by the affectionate family will be understood as a matter of course. How affectionately the eyes of the family rest on her; and how, after her retirement, the mouth of the mother overflows with her praise! There never was such a darling child; she understands cookery thoroughly, could dress any meal at five minutes' notice; and as to needlework, why there is no one to equal her in the whole neighborhood. Sewing, stitching, hemming, mending, marking, knitting, and netting—in all these branches she is equally proficient. For the last five years not a bit of linen has been given out of the house; she has cut it all out, and made up all the materials. The mother has not the slightest occasion to look after anything in the household; and everything is so satisfactorily done, as though she had been a housekeeper of at least a score of years' standing. At parting a piece of money occasionally glides from the hands of the host into that of the guest. From this it will be seen how important the avocation of the matrimonial broker is; and that traveling, far from being a source of expense to him, rather serves to replenish his exhausted purse than otherwise. At length he arrives at the place of his destination, canvasses the party in view; and, having received encouragement, sets out for the residence of the other party. The preliminaries being settled, the two fathers meet; and, all matters being arranged, the young man is introduced to his future helpmate; and as the Jewish youth are generally obedient to their parents, and as, moreover, the ground is but rarely preoccupied, it is seldom that the projected union meets with any objection on their part. So an evening is fixed for the betrothal. This is a solemn act, at which all the relations and friends of the young couple living within a reasonable distance are present. The audible sign of the betrothal and signal for the consequent congratulations is the breaking of a cup, which is always done by some near relative. The fragments of the cup are sent round to those persons to whom it is thought desirable to notify the engagement in a formal manner. The breaking of the cup on this joyful occasion seems to be an imitation of a similar incident narrated in the Talmud. There it is related of a certain rabbi, that in the midst of the rejoicings occasioned by a

betrothal, he purposely broke a very valuable cup, in order to damp the excessive joy of those concerned; for he was of opinion, that since the destruction of Jerusalem, it does not become a Jew to abandon himself to joy unmingled with an alloy of grief.

But although the betrothal has taken place, years may elapse before the marriage can be solemnized. This delay entirely arises from the difficulty with which the permission of government to this act is obtained. Various are the restrictions put upon Jewish marriages in different districts. A common one is to fix the number of Jewish families by law, which number must not be exceeded. The right of marrying and thus forming a new family is in such cases transmitted to the eldest son. The younger sons have only a chance of marrying in case death should have carried off an individual of that privileged class who has left no male heir. In this case the lord of the estate to which the deceased belonged, or some other authority, has the right to bestow that privilege upon some other Jew. The consequence is that no Jew is allowed to conclude a matrimonial alliance without the special leave of government, which, previous to granting it, makes the necessary inquiries as to the right of the petitioner. The cruelty of this regulation, and the extortions connected with it, form no small part of the system of persecution still kept up against the Hebrew people in many parts of Christendom.

Let us suppose that the leave of government is obtained, and the day for the wedding fixed. On the previous Sabbath the bridegroom is summoned up with great solemnity to the reading-desk, where a portion of the Law is chanted. The wedding-day itself is a season of extraordinary merriment for the whole family and all acquaintances; for besides the natural occasion for it, the rejoicing of the bride and bridegroom is recommended as a most meritorious act by the rabbis. For that reason the gravest matrons, upon whose lips a smile has not been seen to play for the last dozen years, and whose feet have disdained for scores of years to exercise themselves in the profane amusement of a dance, are now observed to brush up the gold-embroidered caps which were in fashion half a century ago, and to smooth out the famous dress in which they, in their own days, no doubt, as effectively charmed their lords and masters as the brides of the present generation enchant the bridegrooms of their own time. These old dames, in compliance with the rabbinical precept, enter into all kinds of fun, and even antics, whereby they may excite the couple to laughter. This achievement, the reader might think, could not be so difficult with young people on the point of having their dearest hopes realized. In this, however, he is mistaken; for the couple the day is far from being one of exclusive merriment. They are taught that on that day their doom is being fixed, and that therefore repentance for the past and good resolutions for the future are required of them. The bridegroom fasts a portion of the day, and offers up penitential prayers.

In the morning, after breakfast, the first part of the marriage ceremony is performed. This consists in the minister's covering and tying round the head of the bride a handkerchief of a peculiar shape, and making it reach down to the face, and nearly hiding it. Thenceforth the betrothed, soon to be changed into the wife, is never to show her own hair before strangers, and is for the future to con-

ceal it carefully under a cap, and even have her curls cut off, which operation is generally performed by some matron. Whilst the bride is undergoing this metamorphosis, an individual makes his appearance whose functions form a peculiar feature in these weddings. These functions are a nondescript of which it is hard to convey an idea. The official title by which he goes is "the fool." This appellation, however, is quite inadequate and inappropriate to give a conception of his office. He is the master of ceremonies, the merry-Andrew, the wit as well as the spirit-damper of the company. At one moment he is the most amusing creature in the world, whose quick repartee and ready flow of broad wit elicit peals of laughter; at the next moment his grave countenance, serious observations, and heart-stirring appeals, forcibly remind the couple and company of the solemnity of the occasion, and draw forth from their eyes abundance of tears; again, he is seen standing before the bride in an attitude of an orator with a grave look, chanting in a monotonous, rather doleful, but not unpleasant strain, a long speech in rhymes, generally extempore, reminding her of the importance of the day, and the new duties she will have to perform, interspersing the song with occasional advice and hints for a prudent conduct in the various positions of a married life. Meanwhile the *ketubah* (*marriage-deed*) is being executed elsewhere, and signed by the respective parties. It is written in the Chaldee language, and the contents are to the effect, that "the bridegroom, A B, doth agree to take the bride, C D, as his lawful wife, according to the law of Moses and Israel; and that he will keep, maintain, honor, and cherish her, according to the manner of all the Jews, who honor, keep, maintain and cherish their wives, and keep her in clothing decently, according to the manner and customs of the world." It likewise specifies what sum he settles on her in case of his death. This done, the last act—that of the *kidushin* (*sanctifications*)—takes place, which makes the couple husband and wife. It is performed under a canopy, generally erected in the yard of the synagogue, whither the parties concerned repair early in the afternoon. The bridal procession is usually opened by a band of musicians, who play lively airs, and are followed by matrons and other volunteers, cutting odd capers, and performing divers antics for the amusement and edification of the serious couple. Next comes the couple, each led separately by two of the nearest relatives, attended by the "fool," who likewise exerts himself to cheer up the bridal pair. The family and other friends bring up the rear.

Having arrived at the place of destination, the couple with their attendants (who are never less than ten males) repair under the canopy, where they meet the minister, who, holding a glass of wine in his right hand, pronounces the following prayer:—"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine; blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hath sanctified us with thy commandments, and hath forbidden unchastity, enjoining modesty on the betrothed, and hath instituted marriage for us by means of the canopy and sanctification. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the sanctifier of thy people Israel by the means of the canopy and wedlock." After this ceremony the couple drink of the wine, when the bridegroom places a ring on the forefinger of the bride, pronouncing the following words—"Behold thou art in holiness mine, according to the law of Moses and Israel;" and the

fact of her accepting the ring is considered as the token of her consent. The aforesaid marriage-deed is then read, when the minister takes another glass of wine, offering up another prayer. The couple then drink of the wine, the empty glass is laid on the ground, and is broken by the bridegroom. Congratulations offered to the couple by the exclamations of those present, *Masol Tob*, (a *good star*, or *good-luck*,) conclude the ceremony.

On returning home to the house of the bride's parents, the guests sit down to a banquet, in the arrangement of which the "fool" makes himself very useful, and to which his wit adds a very agreeable relish. At the conclusion of the meal, and before grace is said, the exhibition of the presents made to the young couple takes place; it being customary for the relations and friends of the newly-married pair to make them presents. These consist of ready money, or of articles for domestic use. They are all placed on a side-board behind the "fool," who mounts a chair, so as to be seen by the whole company, takes up one present after the other, proclaims the name of the donor, as well as the name and use of the article, interspersing the whole with such witty remarks and puns as the occasion suggests, and all this is done extempore, in a kind of doggerel rhyme and a chanting tone. If the presents be numerous, the "fool" ready-witted and in good spirits, the exhibition is, to the entertainment of the guests, protracted to a late hour at night.

*Married Life.*—Life has now begun in right earnest for the couple, and faithfully and unitedly toil they on. The wife is retiring, chaste, and affectionate, and by education and religion alike taught as much to endear herself to her husband as to discourage any mark of attention which her charms might win from any other but the partner of her life. The husband is generally sober, industrious, frugal, and attentive to his wife. His leisure hours are spent with and among his family. If misery be their lot, he never uses, or rather abuses, the opportunity of a husband of withdrawing himself from the sight of wretchedness. There is the consolation that they pine and starve together. If affluence be his share, it is enjoyed in the midst of those who have become the partners of his fate. He is therefore never seen in a public-house. To the vice of drunkenness, with its concomitant evils, he is an utter stranger. There is only one weak point in the character of the Jewish women which tends to retard the prosperity of their husbands, and has not rarely excited the envy of their Christian neighbors. This is their over-fondness for dress and finery. However saving and frugal, yet on holidays, or on grand occasions, such as weddings, &c., they delight in displaying large gold pendants in the ears, reaching down to the shoulders; a massive gold chain, or at least a string to which some large gold pieces are fastened, round the neck; several gold rings on the fingers; and of strutting about in silk and satin. In countries where capital is scarce, and therefore money dear, such finery absorbs a large proportion of the small means at the disposal of the husband. A considerable sum, therefore, which might fructify in the hand of the husband, is locked up, barren and dead, in the drawer of the wife. And this very finery, which cripples the means of the family in one way, injures them also in another; for their Christian fellow-citizens of the same walk in life, free from this weakness, and unaccustomed to such glitter,



form an extravagant notion of the wealth of the Jews, and look at them with that envy and malignity with which the poor often regard the rich, and which so frequently suggest excuses for the injuries inflicted and the depredations committed on the property of the envied.

*Pilgrimage to the Grave of the Fathers.*—Besides the mournful and festive occasions mentioned which relieve the monotony of Jewish life, there is one which turns up at no settled period, and is regulated by the feelings, opportunities, and means of the party concerned. This is a kind of pious pilgrimage, undertaken especially by women who have married into a family residing far away from that of their parents, to the graves of their ancestors. She does not wish more ardently to visit her brothers and sisters than she desires to prostrate herself over the place which shelters the dust of the departed members of her family. Accordingly, she sets out for her birthplace, hastens to the "House of Life," as the burial-place is called, is shown the graves of those she seeks, and whose dust is never disturbed for the purpose of giving way to the bones of a new-comer. Deeply impressed by the melancholy sight of the graves harboring the remains of those nearest and dearest to her, by the profound stillness pervading all around—the Jewish burial-places are generally far from the abodes of the living, and in solitary places—by the picture of the absolute nothingness of human pride, by the recollections of, and associations with, the past spent in the society of those now crumbled into dust, convinced as the pilgrim is that the spirit of the departed delights to hover round the tenement of his body, and is here nearer to her than in any other place, she is overpowered by her emotions, and down she sinks upon the turf, drawing its vital sap from the source from which she derived existence; embraces the cold clay, as if she felt for it a kind of sisterly affection; addresses the departed with all-endearing terms, as if still alive, and standing before her; discloses to it the innermost of her soul, as she was wont to do in former years, before distance and death had placed between them an impassable gulf; relieves her heart by giving vent to the anguish of her mind; begs pardon for former offences, and entreats for further guidance and counsel—and all that with an earnestness, with a fervor and devotion, which defy description. She generally returns bathed in tears; and a distribution of alms, according to the means of the pilgrim, concludes the pious proceedings.

The couple having now established a home of their own, we have an opportunity of considering their domestic arrangements, in the principal features of which all Jewish houses closely resemble each other.

*Domestic Arrangements.*—The outside of a Jewish house is not remarkable for any distinctive characteristic; but the moment you enter its threshold, you perceive at once that it is tenanted by a Hebrew, for the first object noticed on the door-post is a small tin case, in which there is a diminutive aperture, covered by a piece of glass, through which the Hebrew word "Shaddai"—signifying *mighty*—is visible. This word is inscribed on the outside of a small parchment scroll, on the inside of which are written certain portions of the Pentateuch. The religious Jew never forgets, when setting out on a journey or returning, reverentially to touch the glass cover with his fingers, and then devoutly to kiss these. Similar encased parchment scrolls, called

Mesusoth, (*door posts*.) are fastened on the door-post of every room. This practice is founded upon Deuteronomy vi. 9; xi. 20. The dwelling-room itself is remarkable for the absence of any sculpture; and although the strict Jew would not object to decorate his house with a painting, he would not tolerate anything in relief. This aversion he carries sometimes so far as to mutilate the figures with which the stoves are occasionally adorned. These iconoclastic practices he bases upon the Second Commandment, which the Jew of this class, in his zeal against idolatry, does not confine to such sculptures as might form objects of worship, but gives it the extension alluded to. There is, however, an ornamental piece of furniture which is scarcely ever missed in the dwelling-room of the Jew: this is a sheet of white paper, in the centre of which is written, in Hebrew, "Rising of the Sun," and which is suspended in a frame in the east side of the room.

Leaving the dwelling-room, let us now ascend the higher regions of the house. Here we notice an attic, over which a portion of the roof is seen to have the shape of a slanting trap-door, which can be opened or shut at pleasure. This attic serves as a temporary booth during the Feast of Tabernacles, as before described, when the roof-door is opened, and the sky becomes visible.

Arrived in the kitchen, we notice an extraordinary peculiarity. There is a double set of every cooking utensil and eating instrument, and of some there is even a third set. The first set serves for dressing and eating victuals of which any quadruped production (save that of milk and butter) forms a part; the second is employed in preparing and eating food in which milk, or anything made of it, is used; and the third is taken whenever it is desired not to make eatables either "fleshy" or "milky." This distinction is carried so far, that two different places are assigned for warming the two kinds of food, and that "fleshy" and "milky" victuals are not only not eaten at the same time, but that, if either of them be partaken of, the immediate enjoyment of the other is prohibited. Thus, for instance, if the food eaten be "milky," an hour must elapse before anything "fleshy" may be eaten; but if the reverse be the case, an abstinence of five hours from "milky" food is prescribed; however, it is lawful at any time to partake of what is called "neutral." These observances are based, by tradition, upon the scriptural prohibition, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in the milk of its mother," repeated three times in the Law, and expounded and enlarged by the rabbis in the manner explained. Further on may be observed a wooden tub, in which meat is steeped in water, and a kind of sieve, over which meat lies thickly strewn with salt. Every piece of meat, before cooking, is subjected by the Jews to the processes of first steeping in water, then strewing it with salt, and next carefully washing it. This is done in compliance with a rabbinical injunction, as a means of removing from the meat any particle of blood which may be contained in it: the eating of blood, it will be remembered by the student of the Bible, being strictly prohibited to the Jews. They, therefore, do not rest satisfied with the peculiar manner after which they kill beasts, and which is calculated effectually to draw all the blood from the muscles, but moreover resort to the farther precautions just mentioned. In order to be lawfully eaten by the Jews, it is not enough that the beast should be killed by a properly-taught and moral person in the prescribed manner, but also that the cavity of the chest should be ex-

amined for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of its organs. When these are free from the marks of disease—which the killer has been carefully taught to know—he pronounces the meat fit to be eaten (*kasher*); in the contrary event, he declares it unfit (*trephah*). Butchers, therefore, that kill for Jews are subject to occasional losses; and as the killer (*shohet*) must be salaried, and as, moreover, the hind quarter (containing “the sinew that shrank,” Genesis xxxii. 32.) is generally not eaten by Jews, meat for them is always considerably above the market price. However, few of these observances apply to poultry, and none to fish; these latter may be killed and eaten in any way—nay, their very blood may be lawfully consumed.

Having followed the Jew through the various phases of his existence, let us now look at him in the last stage preceding and following his departure from life. Let us suppose him attacked by

*Illness*.—If this becomes serious, an application is made to the minister, the synagogue is opened, the friends of the sick and others assemble, when prayers, especially the 23d and 119th Psalms, are offered up for the recovery of the invalid, and alms given to the poor. If he recovers, on being able to leave the house, his first walk should be to the synagogue; there, in the presence of ten adult males, he pronounces the following benediction:—“Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who dispenseth mercy even to the guilty, and hast also shown such mercy to me;” upon which the bystanders respond, “May He who has shown thee such mercy ever continue to grant thee every felicity. Selah.” Should, however, the patient become worse, and the danger imminent, it is deemed right to impress him with a sense of his state, and to exhort him to reconcile himself to his Maker. The friends visiting him offer up appropriate prayers on entering the room, and on leaving it say, “O may God send thee a speedy and perfect cure, and unto all the patients of Israel;” and if in his senses, he is desired to impart once more his paternal blessings to his children. At the same time the “watchers” are sent for. The functions of these individuals begin with the death-struggle of the sick, and cease with the transfer of the corpse into the hearse; from the moment the agonies of death (which these “watchers,” from long experience and practice, can discern with great exactness) have commenced, it is held unlawful to put anything to the mouth of, or to interfere in any way with, the dying; and it is the duty of the watchers to prevent any such attempt, which cannot preserve life, but might accelerate death. The oil of life must be consumed; not a single drop must be spilled.

The treatment of the dying and the corpse springs from a mixture of prudential considerations, sanitary measures, feelings of respect for the remnant of an immortal spirit, and of deep awe inspired by the mysteriousness of the metamorphosis just effected. Popular belief has vested the deathbed with singular ideas of sacredness and terror, and all the proceedings concerning the dead flow from one or several of these views. In the popular belief it is not proper to stand at the head or feet of the dying; for the former place is sanctified by the divine glory, (*shekinah*), and the latter is occupied by the Angel of Death. This personage is depicted by the superstitious as covered all over

with eyes, of an immense wide stride, and with a sword or slaughtering-knife in his hand.

During the agonies, the watchers, together with such of the relatives and friends as wish to join, offer up prayers in an adjoining room, or even in the sick room, in which prayers the dying person, if able, is desired to join. As soon as, according to the experience of the watchers, death is taking place, they ejaculate the scriptural verse, “Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one.” They next cover the face of the deceased without touching the corpse; and after a short interval a feather is laid upon the upper lip beneath the nostrils, and if its delicate fibres do not stir, it is a sign that the breath of life has fled; the bystanders then make a rent in one of their garments, saying aloud the following prayer:—“Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, Righteous Judge. He is the rock: his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment; a God of truth, and without iniquity; just and right is He. Thy righteousness shall precede thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward. Thou shalt lie down in peace until the comforter shall come, the proclaimer of peace.” An hour afterwards the following scriptural verses are recited:—“O house of Jacob, come, we will walk in the light of the Lord. The Almighty God, the Lord, hath spoken and proclaimed to the earth, even from the rising of the sun to his setting. Let him enter in peace; may they rest in their places of repose; for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.” Having next recited certain appropriate psalms, the appointed persons lay the corpse on the ground, putting a pillow or some straw under the head; the hands and feet are then laid in a straight posture, the latter towards the door. The body is next covered with a black cloth, a vessel with water and a towel put in the room, and a lighted candle placed at the head of the dead. During all the time that the corpse is above ground, a watcher never leaves the room containing the corpse, in order to prevent any improper treatment, or abstraction of any part of the body; for, according to the rabbinical views, the body is due to the dust from whence it was taken. This scruple is carried so far, that any of the integral portion of the body, solid or fluid, which may have been separated from it during the illness, is carefully collected, and committed to the grave together with the body. Rabbinical authority strongly recommends a speedy committal of the body to the grave; and, considering the warm climate in which the recommendation was given, the advice was very salutary and no doubt even prudent in overcrowded Ghettos, where the care for the living must outweigh every other consideration, but may nevertheless in its indiscriminate application be productive of much evil. The preparations for the burial consist in the acts of cleansing and dressing the body. The parties performing these rites offer up a prayer for the occasion, then wash the corpse with tepid water, cleansing at the same time the nails on hands and feet, and next dry it carefully. They then shroud it in white apparel; the white robe and cap and praying scarf described before are now brought into requisition. Thus attired, the eyes, if open, are covered; the lower jaw, if dropping down, is drawn to the upper; the hands are placed in a straight posture, close to the body; and the thumb is bent within the hollow of the hand, so as to be encompassed by the four fingers. Two small bags filled with sand are

placed under the head. Sometimes, however, they are filled with mould brought purposely from the Holy Land. It is especially the pious Jew who is most anxious for this rite, so that his dust may at least mingle in death with the dust of the beloved land after which he yearned all his life. Individuals desirous may see the face of the deceased; and an opportunity is afforded them for begging his *meilah* (pardon). Relatives, friends, and acquaintances, approach singly the feet of the corpse, and, standing opposite the face, lay hold of its toes, begging pardon for any wrong they may have done the deceased whilst living. They are induced to this step by the opinion that the soul, although incapable of communicating with the survivors, still lingers behind, hovering round its former tenement, and will be willing to concede the pardon asked. The corpse being now deposited, in a coffin with its face turned heavenwards, is carried forth to the burial-place. No pomp, no pageant attend the funeral procession, which is formed by all those who wish to join it. The rites described are to be performed by strangers, and not by the family. These are not to stay in the room where the corpse lies; and if they have only one room, a partition is to be made between the dead and the living. In the bed on which the deceased lay, nobody is to sleep for the next seven days; and all the water in the house, as well as in all other neighboring Jewish houses on the same side of the street, is poured away. The family are advised to change their linen, and the men to shave, as they would not be allowed to do so during the seven days prescribed for deep mourning, and which does not commence till after the funeral. Whilst the body is being brought out of the house, the women retire to a separate room, nor do they join in the funeral procession, popular superstition assigning as a reason the greater power over the living which would thereby be given to the Angel of Death. However, all male relatives of the deceased are expected to follow to the burial-ground. There arrived, the minister and those present offer up an appropriate prayer. If the deceased should have been a person of merit, a funeral discourse is delivered. The mourners now approach the coffin singly, on the other side of which the minister stands with a knife in his hand. With this he cuts in a peculiar manner into the front parts of their upper garments, enlarging the rent by his hand. This rent the mourner is expected to wear during the next twelvemonth. This done, the corpse is carried forward to the grave, dug in a direction from north to south, and lowered into its last resting-place, whilst the bystanders say, "May he come in peace to his appointed place!" The mourners now approach, and every one singly takes up a shovelful of earth and throws it upon the coffin. This example is followed by all friends of the deceased. On retiring from the grave, they pluck some grass, and say the scriptural verse, "They of the city shall spring forth as the grass of the earth." They next wash their hands, saying, "Death will be destroyed forever, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from all the faces, and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth." The recital of some appropriate psalms concludes the funeral service.

Having returned to the house of mourning, the family sit down on the ground and take the meal

of mourning, consisting of hard-boiled eggs, generally supplied by some friend. In the afternoon the evening service is performed, at the conclusion of which a particular prayer is generally said by the sons of the deceased. This prayer is repeated by them at the conclusion of every morning and evening service during a whole year. Not less conducive to the rest of the soul is supposed to be the study of the *mishnah*, (*the text of the Talmud*), especially if read in the house of the deceased during the first month, or at least the seven days of mourning. For this reason competent persons are engaged or invited to perform there during the period mentioned the usual morning and evening services, and to study portions of the Talmud. The mourners themselves are, during the first seven days, not allowed to leave their dwelling, and must not sit on chairs, but on hassocks; must not pursue their usual avocations, nor work at their trade. However, they may read suitable religious works, such as Job, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah, &c. The tediousness of this condition is also relieved by the visits and consolations of friends and acquaintances, and by the dainty dishes presented to them by the same parties. These presents are necessary in order to support the mourners, who, as just stated, are, during the first week, debarred from employing themselves in obtaining a livelihood. These visits and presents, moreover, are enjoined as religious duties by rabbinical authorities. The visitor, on entering, does not salute the mourners, as is customary on other occasions; nor is he offered a seat by them, but accommodates himself as he likes. On leaving, instead of using any of the phrases customary, he says, "May the Omnipresent comfort you with the other mourners of Zion and Jerusalem!" For this purpose, also, a board is hung up in the room, upon which this sentence is written. On Sabbath, however, the signs of mourning are suppressed; the mourners therefore repair on Sabbath eve to the synagogue, when all the members of the congregation move forward to meet them with the words, "On towards the mourner." The mourners, however, do not occupy their usual seats, but have for the twelvemonth assigned places at the bottom of the synagogue, for that reason called "The Mourners' Bench." At the expiration of the week they are allowed to follow their usual avocations, but the signs of deep mourning, and the burning of the lamp, are continued for a whole month; nor are the men allowed to remove their beards before that period. For the rest of the year the mourners must not partake in any rejoicing; no sound of music is heard in the house, and no place of amusement is visited by them. The anniversary of the death of a parent is each year strictly kept by the family; a lamp is kept burning during the whole day; the males do not fail to attend synagogue on that day, in order to offer up a special prayer; and the children of the deceased distribute alms among the poor according to their means. A mourning service for the departed is, moreover, celebrated on every festival in the synagogues during prayer time.

Having thus briefly traced the life of a Jew through all stages, from the cradle to the grave, we must necessarily stop where every earthly pursuit ceases, and now bid the reader a friendly farewell.



From the Ohio Cultivator.

## THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

I LOVE the banging hammer,  
The whirring of the plane,  
The crashing of the busy saw,  
The creaking of the crane,  
The ringing of the anvil,  
The grating of the drill,  
The clattering of the turning-lathe,  
The whirling of the mill,  
The buzzing of the spindle,  
The rattling of the loom,  
The puffing of the engine,  
And the fan's continuous boom—  
The clipping of the tailor's shears,  
The driving of the awl—  
The sounds of BUSY LABOR,  
I love, I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,  
The reaper's cheerful song,  
The drover's oft-repeated shout,  
As he spurs his stock along;  
The bustle of the market man,  
As he hies him to the town;  
The halloo from the tree-top,  
As the ripening fruit comes down.

The busy sound of thrashers,  
As they clean the ripened grain,  
And the huskers' joke, and mirth, and glee,  
'Neath the moonlight on the plain,  
The kind voice of the dairyman,  
The shepherd's gentle call—  
These sounds of active industry,  
I love, I love them all.

For they tell my longing spirit  
Of the earnestness of life,  
How much of all its happiness  
Comes out of toil and strife;  
Not that toil and strife that fainteth,  
And murmureth all the way—  
Not the toil and strife that groaneth  
Beneath the tyrant's sway;  
But the toil and strife that springeth  
From a free and willing heart,  
A strife which ever bringeth  
To the striver all his part.

O! there is a good in labor,  
If we labor but aright,  
That gives vigor to the day-time,  
And a sweeter sleep at night,  
A good that bringeth pleasure,  
Even to the toiling hours;  
For duty cheers the spirit  
As the dew revives the flowers.

## MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

## CHAPTER XXVI.—A REMNANT OF "FONTENOY."

THERE WAS NO resisting the inquisitive curiosity of my companion. The short, dry cough, the little husky, "ay," that sounded like anything rather than assent, which followed on my replies to his questions, and, more than all, the keen, oblique glances of his shrewd gray eyes, told me that I had utterly failed in all my attempts at mystification, and that he read me through and through.

"And so," said he, at last, after a somewhat lengthy narrative of my shipwreck, "and so the Flemish sailors wear spurs!"

"Spurs! of course not; why should they?" asked I, in some astonishment.

"Well, but don't they?" asked he again.

"No such thing; it would be absurd to suppose it."

"So I thought," rejoined he; "and when I looked at yer 'honor's' boots, (it was the first time he had addressed me by this title of deference,) and saw the marks on the heel for spurs, I soon knew how much of a sailor you were."

"And if not a sailor, what am I, then?" asked I; for, in the loneliness of the mountain region where we walked, I could afford to throw off my disguise without risk.

"Ye'r a French officer of dragoons, and God bless ye; but ye'r young to be at the trade. Arn't I right now?"

"Not very far from it certainly, for I am a lieutenant of hussars," said I, with a little of that pride which we of the loose pelisse always feel on the mention of our corps.

"I knew it well all along," said he, coolly; "the way you stood in the room, your step as you walked, and, above all, how ye believed me

when I spoke of the spring tides, and the moon only in her second quarter; I saw you never was a sailor anyhow. And so I set a thinking what you were. You were too silent for a pedler, and your hands were too white to be in the smuggling trade; but when I saw your boots, I had the secret at once, and knew ye were one of the French army that landed the other day at Kil-lala."

"It was stupid enough of me not to have remembered the boots!" said I, laughing.

"Arrah, what use would it be!" replied he; "sure ye'r too straight in the back, and your walk is too reg'lar, and your toes turn in too much, for a sailor; the very way you would a switch in your hand would betray you!"

"So it seems, then, I must try some other disguise," said I, "if I'm to keep company with people as shrewd as you are."

"You need n't," said he, shaking his head doubtfully; "any that wants to betray ye would n't find it hard."

I was not much flattered by the depreciating tone in which he dismissed my efforts at personation, and walked on for some time without speaking.

"Yez came too late, four months too late," said he, with a sorrowful gesture of the hands. "When the Wexford boys was up, and the Kildare chaps, and plenty more ready to come in from the North, then, indeed, a few thousand French down here in the West would have made a differ; but what's the good in it now? The best men we had are hanged or in gaol; some are frightened; more are traitors. 'T is too late—too late!"

"But not too late for a large force landing in

the North, to rouse the island to another effort for liberty."

"Who would be the gin'ral?" asked he, suddenly.

"Napper Tandy, your own countryman," replied I, proudly.

"I wish ye luck of him!" said he with a bitter laugh; "'t is more like mocking us than anything else the French does be, with the chaps they sent here to be gin'ral's. Sure it is n't Napper Tandy, nor a set of young lawyers like Tone and the rest of them, we wanted. It was men that knew how to drill and manage troops—fellows that was used to fightin'; so that when they said a thing, we might believe that they understood it, at laste. I'm ould enough to remember the 'Wild Geese,' as they used to call them—the fellows that ran away from this to take sarvice in France; and I remember, too, the sort of men the French were that came over to inspect them—soldiers, real soldiers, every inch of them. And a fine sarvice it was. Volle-face!" cried he, holding himself erect, and shouldering his stick like a musket, "marche! Ha, ha! ye did n't think *that* was in me; but I was at the thrade long before you were born."

"How is this," said I, in amazement, "you were not in the French army?"

"Wasn't I, though? maybe I did n't get that stick there." And he bared his breast as he spoke, to show the cicatrix of an old flesh-wound from a Highlander's bayonet. "I was at Fontenoy!"

The last few words he uttered with a triumphant pride that I shall never forget. As for me, the mere name was magical. "Fontenoy" was like one of those great words which light up a whole page of history; and it almost seemed impossible that I should see before me a soldier of that glorious battle.

"Aye, faith!" he added, "'t is more than fifty, 't is nigh sixty years now since that, and I remember it as if it was yesterday. I was in the regiment 'Tourville;' I was recruited for the 'Wellon,' but they scattered us about among the other corps afterwards, because we used now and then to be fighting and quarrelin' among one another. Well, it was the Wellons that gained the battle; for after the English was in the village of Fontenoy, and the French was falling back upon the heights near the wood—*arrah*, what's the name of the wood? Sure I'll forget my own name next. Aye, to be sure, Verzon—the 'wood of Verzon.' Major Jodillon—that's what the French called him, but his name was Joe Wellon—turned an eight-pounder short round into a little yard of a farm-house, and, making a breach for the gun he opened a dreadful fire on the English column. It was loaded with grape, and at half musket range, so you may think what a peppering they got. At last the column halted, and lay down; and Joe seen an officer ride off to the rear, to bring up artillery to silence our guns. A few minutes more, and it would be all over

with us. So Joe shouts out, as loud as he could, 'Cavalry there! tell off by threes, and prepare to charge.' I need n't tell you that the devil a horse nor a rider was within a mile of us at the time; but the English didn't know that, and, hearin' the order, up they jumps, and we heerd the word passin', 'Prepare to receive cavalry.' They formed square at once, and the same minute we plumped into them with such a charge as tore a lane right through the middle of them. Before they could recover, we opened a platoon fire on their flank; they staggered, broke, and at last fell back in disorder upon Aeth, with the whole of the French army after them. Such firin'—grape, round-shot, and musketry—I never seed afore, and we all shouting like devils, for it was more like a hunt nor anything else; for ye see the Dutch never came up, but left the English to do all the work themselves, and that's the reason they could n't form, for they had no supportin' colum'.

"It was then I got that stick of the bayonet, for there was such runnin' that we only thought of pelting after them as hard as we could; but ye see, there's nothin' so treacherous as a Highlander. I was just behind one, and had my sword-point between his blade-bones, ready to run him through, when he turned short about, and run his bayonet into me under the short ribs, and that was all I saw of the battle; for I bled till I fainted, and never knew more of what happened. 'T is n't by way of making little of Frenchmen I say it, for I sarved too long wid them for *that*—but sorra taste of that victory ever they'd see if it was n't for the Wellons, and Major Joe that commanded them! The English knows it well, too! Maybe they don't do us many a spite for it to this very day!"

"And what became of you after that?"

"That same summer I came over to Scotland with the young Prince Charles, and was at the battle of Prestonpans afterwards! and, what's worse, I was at Culloden! O, that was the terrible day! We were dead bate before we began the battle. We were on the march from one o'clock the night before, under the most dreadful rain ever ye seen! We lost our way twice, and after four hours of hard marching, we found ourselves opposite a mill-dam we crossed early that same morning; for the guides led us all astray! Then came orders to wheel about face and go back again; and back we went, cursing the blaguards that deceived us, and almost faintin' with hunger. Some of us had nothing to eat for two days, and the prince, I seen myself, had only a brown bannock to a wooden measure of whiskey for his own breakfast. Well, it's no use talking, we were bate, and we retreated to Inverness that night, and next morning we surrendered and laid down our arms—that is, the 'Regiment du Tournay' and the 'Voliguers de Metz,' the corps I was in myself."

"And did you return to France?"

"No; I made my way back to Ireland, and after loiterin' about home some time, and not liking the

ways of turning to work again, I took service with one Mr. Brooke of Castle Brooke, in Fermanagh, a young man that was just come of age, and as great a devil, God forgive me, as ever was spawned. He was a Protestant, but he did n't care much about one side or the other, but only wanted diversion and his own fun out of the world; and faix he took it, too! He had plenty of money, was a fine man to look at, and had courage to face a lion!

"The first place we went to was Aix-la-Chapelle, for Mr. Brooke was named something—I forgot what—to Lord Sandwich, that was going there as an ambassador. It was a grand life there while it lasted. Such liveries, such coaches, such elegant dinners every day, I never saw even in Paris. But my master was soon sent away for a piece of wildness he did. There was an ould Austrian there—a Count Riedensegg was his name—and he was always plottin' and schamin' with this, that, and the other; buyin' up the secrets of others, and gettin' at their secret papers one way or the other; and at last he begins to thry the same game with us; and as he saw that Mr. Brooke was very fond of high play, and would bet anything one offered him, the ould count sends for a great gambler from Vienna, the greatest villain, they say, that ever touched a card. Ye may have heerd of him, tho' 't was long ago that he lived, for he was well known in them times. He was the Baron von Breckendorf, and a great friend afterwards of the Prince Ragint and all the other blaguards in London.

"Well, sir, the baron arrives in great state, with despatches, they said, but sorrow other despatch he carried nor some packs of marked cards, and a dice-box that could throw sixes whenever ye wanted; and he puts up at the Grand Hotel, with all his servants in fine liveries and as much state as a prince. That very day Mr. Brooke dined with the count, and in the evening himself and the baron sits down to the cards; and, pretending to be only playin' for silver, they were bettin' a hundred guineas on every game.

"I always heerd that my master was cute with the cards, and that few was equal to him in any game with pasteboard or ivory, but, be my conscience, he met his match now, for if it was ould Nick was playin' he could n't do the thrick nater nor the baron. He made everything come up just like magic: if he wanted a seven of diamonds, or an ace of spades, or the nave of clubs, there it was for you.

"Most gentlemen would have lost temper at seein' the luck so dead agin' them, and everything goin' so bad, but my master only smiled, and kept muttering to himself, 'Faix, it's beautiful; by my conscience, it's elegant; I never saw anybody could do it like that.' At last the baron stops and asks, 'What is it he's saying to himself?' 'I'll tell you by and by,' says my master, 'when we're done playing;' and so on they went, betting higher and higher, till at last the stakes was n't very far from a thousand pounds on a single card.

At the end, Mr. Brooke lost everything, and in the last game, by way of generosity, the baron says to him 'Double or quit!' and he tuk it.

"This time luck stood to my master, and he turned the queen of hearts; and as there was only one card could beat him, the game was all as one as his own. The baron takes up the pack, and begins to deal. 'Wait,' says my master, leaning over the table, and talking in a whisper; 'wait,' says he, 'what are you doin' there wid your thumb!' for sure enough he had his thumb dug hard into the middle of the pack.

"'Do you mane to insult me!' says the baron, getting mighty red, and throwing down the cards on the table, 'is that what you're at?'

"'Go on with the deal,' says Mr. Brooke quietly; 'but listen to me,' and here he dropped his voice to a whisper, 'as sure as you turn the king of hearts I'll send a bullet through your skull! Go on now, and don't rise from that seat till you've finished the game.' Faix, he just did as he was bid; he turned a little two or three of diamonds, and gettin' up from the table, he left the room, and the next morning there was no more seen of him in Aix-la-Chapelle. But that was n't the end of it, for scarce was the baron two posts on his journey when my master sends in his name, and says he wants to speak to Count Riedensegg. There was a long time and a great debatin', I believe, whether they'd let him in or not; for the count could n't make if it was mischief he was after; but at last he was ushered into the bed-room where the other was in bed.

"'Count,' says he, after he fastened the door, and saw that they were alone, 'Count, you tried a dirty thrick with that dirty spalpeen of a baron—an ould blaguard that's as well known as Frenay the robber—but I forgive you for it all, for you did it in the way of business. I know well what you was after; you wanted a peep at our despatches—there, ye need n't look cross and angry—why would n't ye do it, just as the baron always took a sly glance at my cards before he played his own. Well, now, I'm just in the humor to sarve you. They're not trating me as they ought here, and I'm going away, and if you'll give me a few leathers to some of the pretty women in Vienna, Kateuka Batthyani and Amalia Gradoffsky, and one or two men in the best set, I'll send you in return something will surprise you.'

"It was after a long time and great batin' about the bush, that the ould count came in; but the sight of a secret cipher did the business, and he consented.

"'There it is,' says Mr. Brooke, 'there's the whole key to our correspondence; study it well, and I'll bring you a secret despatch in the evening—something that will surprise you.'

"'Ye will—will ye!' says the count.

"'On the honor of an Irish gentleman, I will,' says Mr. Brooke.

"The count sits down on the spot and writes the letters to all the prencesses and countesses in Vienna, saying that Mr. Brooke was the elegant-



est, and politest, and most trusty young gentleman ever he met; and telling them to treat him with every consideration.

"There will be another account of me," says the master to me, 'by the post; but I'll travel faster, and give me a fair start, and I ask no more.'

"And he was as good as his word, for he started that evening for Vienna, without leave or license, and that's the way he got dismissed from his situation."

"And did he break his promise to the count, or did he really send him any intelligence?"

"He kept his word, like a gentleman; he promised him something that would surprise him, and so he did. He sent him the wedding of Ballyporeen in cipher. It took a week to make out, and I suppose they've never got to the right understandin' it yet."

"I'm curious to hear how he was received in Vienna, after this," said I. "I suppose you accompanied him to that city."

"Troth I did, and a short life we led there; but here we are now, at the end of our journey. That's Father Doogan's down there, that small, low, thatched house in the hollow."

"A lonely spot, too. I don't see another near it for miles on any side."

"Nor is there. His chapel is at Murrah, about three miles off. My eyes is n't over good; but I don't think there's any smoke coming out of the chimney."

"You are right—there is not."

"He's not at home, then, and that's a bad job for us, for there's not another place to stop the night in."

"But there will be surely some one in the house."

"Most likely not; 't is a brat of a boy from Murrah does be with him when he's at home, and I'm sure he's not there now."

This reply was not very cheering, nor was the prospect itself much brighter. The solitary cabin, to which we were approaching, stood in a rugged glen, the sides of which were covered with a low furze, intermixed here and there with the scrub of what once had been an oak forest. A brown, mournful tint was over everything—sky and landscape alike; and even the little stream of clear water that wound its twining course along took the same color from the gravelly bed it flowed over. Not a cow nor sheep was to be seen, nor even a bird; all was silent and still.

"There's few would like to pass their lives down there, then!" said my companion, as if speaking to himself.

"I suppose the priest, like a soldier, has no choice in these matters."

"Sometimes he has, though. Father Doogan might have had the pick of the country, they say; but he chose this little quiet spot here. He's a friar of some order abroad, and when he came over, two or three years ago, he could only spake a little Irish, and, I believe, less English; but

there wasn't his equal, for other tongues, in all Europe. They wanted him to stop and be the head of a college somewhere in Spain, but he would n't. 'There was work to do in Ireland,' he said, and there he'd go, and to the wildest and lastest civilized bit of it besides; and ye see that he was not far out in his choice when he took Murrah."

"Is he much liked here by the people?"

"They'd worship him, if he'd let them, that's what it is; for if he has more larnin' and knowledge in his head than ever a bishop in Ireland, there's not a child in the barony his equal for simplicity. He that knows the names of the stars, and what they do be doing, and where the world's going, and what's comin' after her, has n't a thought for the wickedness of this life, no more than a sucking infant! He could tell you every crop to put in your ground from this to the day of judgment, and I don't think he'd know which end of the spade goes into the ground."

While we were thus talking, we reached the door, which, as well as the windows, was closely barred and fastened. The great padlock, however, on the former, with characteristic acuteness, was locked without being hasped, so that in a few seconds my old guide had undone all the fastenings, and we found ourselves under shelter.

A roomy kitchen, with a few cooking utensils, formed the entrance hall; and, as a small supply of turf stood in one corner, my companion at once proceeded to make a fire, congratulating me as he went on with the fact of our being housed, for a long-threatening thunderstorm had already burst, and the rain was now swooping along in torrents.

While he was thus busied I took a ramble through the little cabin, curious to see something of the "interior" of one whose life had already interested me. There were but two small chambers, one at either side of the kitchen. The first I entered was a bed-room, the only furniture being a common bed, or a tressel like that of a hospital, a little colored print of St. Michael adorning the wall overhead. The bed-covering was cleanly, but patched in many places, and bespeaking much poverty, and the black "soutane" of silk that hung against the wall seemed to show long years of service. The few articles of any pretension to comfort were found in the sitting-room, where a small book-shelf with some well-thumbed volumes, and a writing-table covered with papers, maps, and a few pencil-drawings, appeared. All seemed as if he had just quitted the spot a few minutes before; and the pencil lay across a half-finished sketch; two or three wild plants were laid within the leaves of a little book on botany; and a chess problem, with an open book beside it, still waited for solution on a little board, whose workmanship clearly enough betrayed it to be by his own hands.

I inspected everything with an interest inspired by all I had been hearing of the poor priest, and turned over the little volumes of his humble library to trace, if I might, some clue to his

habits in his readings. They were all, however, of one cast and character—religious tracts and offices, covered with annotations and remarks, and showing by many signs the most careful and frequent perusal. It was easy to see that his taste for drawing or for chess were the only dissipation he permitted himself to indulge. What a strange life of privation, thought I, alone, and companionless as he must be! and while speculating on the sense of duty which impelled such a man to accept a post so humble and unpromising, I perceived that on the wall right opposite to me there hung a picture, covered by a little curtain of green silk.

Curious to behold the saintly effigy so carefully enshrined, I drew aside the curtain, and what was my astonishment to find a little colored sketch of a boy about twelve years old, dressed in the tawdry and much worn uniform of a drummer! I started. Something flashed suddenly across my mind, that the features, the dress, the air, were not unknown to me. Was I awake, or were my senses misleading me? I took it down and held it to the light, and, as well as my trembling hands permitted, I spelled out, at the foot of the drawing, the words, "*Le Petit Maurice, as I saw him last.*" Yes; it was my own portrait, and the words were in the writing of my dearest friend in the world, the *Père Michel*. Scarce knowing what I did, I ransacked books and papers on every side, to confirm my suspicions, and although his name was nowhere to be found, I had no difficulty in recognizing his hand, now so forcibly recalled to my memory.

Hastening into the kitchen, I told my guide that I must set out to Murrah at once, that it was above all important that I should see the priest immediately. It was in vain that he told me he was unequal to the fatigue of going further, that the storm was increasing, the mountain torrents were swelling to a formidable size, that the path could not be discovered after dark; I could not brook the thought of delay, and would not listen to the detail of difficulties. "I must see him and I will," were my answers to every obstacle. If I were resolved on one side, he was no less obstinate on the other; and after explaining with patience all the dangers and hazards of the attempt, and still finding me unconvinced, he boldly declared that I might go alone, if I would, but that he would not leave the shelter of a roof, such a night, for any one.

There was nothing in the shape of argument I did not essay. I tried bribery, I tried menace, flattery, intimidation, all—and all with the like result. "Wherever he is to-night, he'll not leave it, that's certain," was the only satisfaction he would vouchsafe, and I retired beaten from the contest, and disheartened. Twice I left the cottage, resolved to go alone and unaccompanied, but the utter darkness of the night, the torrents of rain that beat against my face, soon showed me the impracticability of the attempt, and I retraced my steps crest-fallen and discomfited. The most

intense curiosity to know how and by what chances he had come to Ireland mingled with my ardent desire to meet him. What stores of reminiscence had we to interchange! Nor was it without pride that I bethought me of the position I then held, an officer of a Hussar regiment, a soldier of more than one campaign, and high on the list for promotion. If I hoped, too, that many of the good father's prejudices against the career I followed would give way to the records of my own past life, I also felt how, in various respects, I had myself conformed to many of his notions. We should be dearer, closer friends than ever. This I knew and was sure of.

I never slept the whole night through; tired and weary as the day's journey had left me, excitement was still too strong for repose, and I walked up and down, lay for half an hour on my bed, rose to look out, and peer for coming dawn! Never did hours lag so lazily. The darkness seemed to last for an eternity, and when at last day did break, it was through the lowering gloom of skies still charged with rain, and an atmosphere loaded with vapor.

"This is a day for the chimney corner, and thankful to have it we ought to be," said my old guide, as he replenished the turf fire, at which he was preparing our breakfast. "Father Doogan will be home here afore night, I'm sure, and as we have nothing better to do, I'll tell you some of our old adventures when I lived with Mr. Brooke. 'T will sarve to pass the time any way."

"I'm off to Murrah, as soon as I have eaten something," replied I.

"'T is little you know what a road it is," said he, smiling dubiously. "'T is four mountain rivers you'd have to cross, two of them, at least, deeper than your head, and there's the pass of Barnasconney, where you'd have to turn the side of a mountain, with a precipice hundreds of feet below you, and a wind blowing that would wreck a seventy-four! There's never a man in the barony would venture over the same path, with a storm ragin' from the nor'-west."

"I never heard of a man being blown away off a mountain," said I laughing contemptuously.

"Arrah, did n't ye then! then may be ye never tried in parts where the heaviest ploughs and harrows that can be laid in the thatch of a cabin are flung here and there, like straws, and the strongest timbers torn out of the walls, and scattered for miles along the coast, like the spars of a shipwreck."

"But so long as a man has hands to grip with."

"How ye talk! sure when the wind can tear the strongest trees up by the roots; when it rolls big rocks fifty and a hundred feet out of their place; when the very shingle on the mountain side is flyin' about like dust and sand, where would your grip be! It is not only on the mountains either, but down in the plains, aye, even in the narrowest glens, that the cattle lies down under shelter of the rocks; and many 's the time a sheep, or even

a heifer, is swept away off the cliffs into the sea."

With many an anecdote of storm and hurricane he seasoned our little meal of potatoes. Some curious enough, as illustrating the precautionary habits of a peasantry, who, on land, experience many of the vicissitudes supposed peculiar to the sea; others too miraculous for easy credence, but yet vouched for by him with every affirmative of truth. He displayed all his powers of agreeability and amusement, but his tales fell on unwilling ears, and when our meal was over I started up and began to prepare for the road.

"So you will go, will you?" said he peevishly. "T is in your country to be obstinate, so I'll say nothing more; but may be 't is only into troubles you'd be running after all!"

"I'm determined on it," said I, "and I only ask you to tell me what road to take."

"There is only one, so there is no mistakin' it; keep to the sheep path, and never leave it except at the torrents; you must pass them how ye can, and when ye come to four big rocks in the plain leave them to your left, and keep the side of the mountain for two miles, till ye see the smoke of the village underneath you. Murrah is a small place, and ye'll have to look out sharp or maybe ye'll miss it."

"That's enough," said I, putting some silver in his hand as I pressed it. "We'll probably meet no more; good-by, and many thanks for your pleasant company."

"No, we're not like to meet again," said he, thoughtfully, "and that's the reason I'd like to give you a bit of advice. Hear me now," said he, drawing closer and talking in a whisper; "you can't go far in this country without being known; 't is n't your looks alone, but your voice, and your tongue, will show what ye are. Get away out of it as fast as you can! there's traitors in every cause, and there's chaps in Ireland would rather make money as informers than earn it by honest industry! Get over to the Scotch islands; get to Isla or Barra; get anywhere out of this for the time."

"Thanks for the counsel," said I, somewhat coldly, "I'll have time to think over it as I go along," and with these words I set forth on my journey.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—"THE CRANAGH."

I WILL not weary my reader with a narrative of my mountain walk, nor the dangers and difficulties which beset me on that day of storm and hurricane. Few as were the miles to travel, what with accidents, mistakes of the path, and the halts to take shelter, I only reached Murrah as the day was declining.

The little village, which consisted of some twenty cabins, occupied a narrow gorge between two mountains, and presented an aspect of greater misery than I had ever witnessed before, not affording even the humblest specimen of a house of entertainment. From some peasants that were lounging

in the street I learned that "Father Doogan" had passed through two days before in company with a naval officer, whom they believed to be French. At least "he came from one of the ships in the Lough, and could speak no English." Since that the priest had not returned, and many thought that he had gone away forever. This story varied in a few unimportant particulars. I heard from several, and also learned that a squadron of several sail had, for three or four days, been lying at the entrance of Lough Swilly, with it, was said, large reinforcements for the "army of independence." There was then no time to be lost; here was the very force which I had been sent to communicate with; there were the troops that should at that moment be disembarking. The success of my mission might all depend now on a little extra exertion, and so I at once engaged a guide to conduct me to the coast, and having fortified myself with a glass of mountain whiskey, I felt ready for the road.

My guide could only speak a very little English; so that our way was passed in almost unbroken silence; and as, for security, he followed the least frequented paths, we scarcely met a living creature as we went. It was with a strange sense of half pride, half despondency, that I bethought me of my own position there—a Frenchman, alone, and separated from his countrymen—in a wild mountain region of Ireland, carrying about him documents that, if detected, might peril his life; involved in a cause that had for its object the independence of a nation; and that against the power of the mightiest kingdom in Europe. An hour earlier or later, an accident by the way, a swollen torrent, a chance impediment of any kind that should delay me—and what a change might that produce in the whole destiny of the world!

The despatches I carried conveyed instructions the most precise and accurate—the places for combined action of the two armies—information as to the actual state of parties, and the condition of the native forces, was contained in them. All that could instruct the newly-come generals, or encourage them to decisive measures were there; and, yet, on what narrow contingencies did their safe arrival depend! It was thus, in exaggerating to myself the part I played—in elevating my humble position into all the importance of a high trust—that I sustained my drooping spirits, and acquired energy to carry me through fatigue and exhaustion. During that night, and the greater part of the following day, we walked on, almost without halt, scarcely eating, and, except by an occasional glass of whiskey, totally unrefreshed; and I am free to own, that my poor guide—a bare-legged youth of about seventeen, without any of those high-sustaining illusions which stirred within my heart—suffered far less either from hunger or weariness than I did. So much for motives. A shilling or two were sufficient to equalize the balance against all the weight of my heroism and patriotic ardor together!

A bright sun, and a sharp wind from the north,



had succeeded to the lowering sky and heavy atmosphere of the morning, and we travelled along with light hearts and brisk steps, breasting the side of a steep ascent, from the summit of which, my guide told me, I should behold the sea—the sea, not only the great plain on which I expected to see our armament, but the link which bound me to my country! Suddenly, just as I turned the angle of a cliff, it burst upon my sight—one vast mirror of golden splendor—appearing almost at my feet! In the yellow gleams of a setting sun, long columns of azure-colored light streaked its calm surface, and tinged the atmosphere with a warm and rosy hue. While I was lost in admiration of the picture, I heard the sound of voices close beneath me, and, on looking down, saw two figures who, with telescopes in hand, were steadily gazing on a little bay that extended towards the west.

At first, my attention was more occupied by the strangers than by the object of their curiosity, and I remarked that they were dressed and equipped like sportsmen, their guns and game-bags lying against the rock behind them.

"Do you still think that they are hovering about the coast, Tom," said the elder of the two, "or are you not convinced, at last, that I am right?"

"I believe you are," replied the other; "but it certainly did not look like it yesterday evening, with their boats rowing ashore every half hour, signals flying, and blue lights burning; all seemed to threaten a landing."

"If they ever thought of it, they soon changed their minds," said the former. "The defeat of their comrades in the west, and the apathy of the peasantry here, would have cooled down warmer ardor than theirs. There they go, Tom. I only hope that they'll fall in with Warren's squadron, and French insolence receive at sea the lesson we failed to give them on land."

"Not so," rejoined the younger; "Humbert's capitulation, and the total break up of the expedition ought to satisfy even your patriotism."

"It fell far short of it, then!" cried the other. "I'd never have treated those fellows other than as bandits and freebooters. I'd have hanged them as highwaymen. There was less war than rapine; but what could you expect? I have been assured that Humbert's force consisted of little other than liberated felons and galley slaves—the refuse of the worst population of Europe."

Distracted with the terrible tidings I had overheard—overwhelmed with the sight of the ships, now glistening like bright specks on the verge of the horizon, I forgot my own position—my safety—everything but the insult thus cast upon my gallant comrades.

"Whoever said so was a liar, and a base coward, to boot!" cried I, springing down from the height and confronting them both where they stood. They started back, and, seizing their guns, assumed an attitude of defence, and then, quickly perceiving that I was alone—for the boy had taken to flight

as fast as he could—they stood regarding me with faces of intense astonishment.

"Yes," said I, still boiling with passion, "you are two to one, on your own soil besides, the odds you are best used to; and yet I repeat it, that he who asperses the character of General Humbert's force is a liar."

"He's French."

"No, he's Irish," muttered the elder.

"What signifies my country, sirs," cried I passionately, "if I demand retraction for a falsehood?"

"It signifies more than you think of, young man," said the elder, calmly, and without evincing even the slightest irritation in his manner. "If you be a Frenchman born, the lenity of our government accords you the privilege of a prisoner of war. If you be only French by adoption, and a uniform, a harsher destiny awaits you."

"And who says I am a prisoner yet?" asked I, drawing myself up, and staring them steadily in the face.

"We should be worse men, and poorer patriots, than you give us credit for, or we should be able to make you so," said he quietly, "but this is no case for ill-temper on either side. The expedition has failed. Well, if you will not believe me, read that. There, in that paper, you will see the official account of General Humbert's surrender at Boyle. The news is already over the length and breadth of the island; even if you only landed last night, I cannot conceive how you should be ignorant of it!" I covered my face with my hands to hide my emotion; and he went on: "If you be French, you have only to claim and prove your nationality, and you partake the fortunes of your countrymen."

"And if he be not," whispered the other, in a voice which, although low, I could still detect, "why should we give him up?"

"Hush, Tom, be quiet," replied the elder, "let him plead for himself."

"Let me see the newspaper," said I, endeavoring to seem calm and collected; and taking it at the place he pointed out, I read the heading in capitals, "CAPITULATION OF GENERAL HUMBERT AND HIS WHOLE FORCE." I could see no more. I could not trace the details of so horrible a disaster, nor did I ask to know by what means it occurred. My attitude and air of apparent occupation, however, deceived the other; and the elder, supposing that I was engaged in considering the paragraph, said, "You'll see the government proclamation on the other side, a general amnesty to all under the rank of officers in the rebel army, who give up their arms within six days. The French to be treated as prisoners of war."

"Is he too late to regain the fleet?" whispered the younger.

"Of course he is. They are already hull down; besides, who's to assist his escape, Tom? You forget the position he stands in."

"But I do not forget it," answered I, "and

you need not be afraid that I will seek to compromise you, gentlemen. Tell me where to find the nearest justice of the peace, and I will go and surrender myself."

"It is your wisest and best policy," said the elder; "I am not in the commission, but a neighbor of mine is, and lives a few miles off, and if you like we'll accompany you to his house."

I accepted the offer, and soon found myself descending the steep path of the mountain in perfect good-fellowship with the two strangers. It is likely enough, that if they had taken any peculiar pains to obliterate the memory of our first meeting, or if they had displayed any extraordinary efforts of conciliation, I should be on my guard against them; but their manner, on the contrary, was easy and unaffected in every respect. They spoke of the expedition sensibly and dispassionately, and while acknowledging that there were many things they would like to see altered in the English rule of Ireland, they were very averse from the desire of a foreign intervention to rectify them.

I avowed to them that we had been grossly deceived. That all the representations made us, depicted Ireland as a nation of soldiers, wanting only arms and military stores to rise as a vast army. That the peasantry were animated by one spirit, and the majority of the gentry willing to hazard everything on the issue of a struggle. Our Killala experiences, of which I detailed some, heartily amused them, and it was in a merry interchange of opinions that we now walked along together.

A cluster of houses, too small to be called a village, and known as the "Cranagh," stood in a little nook of the bay; and here they lived. They were brothers; and the elder held some small appointment in the revenue, which maintained them as bachelors in this cheap country. In a low conversation that passed between them, it was agreed that they would detain me as their guest for that evening, and on the morrow accompany me to the magistrate's house, about five miles distant. I was not sorry to accept their hospitable offer. I longed for a few hours of rest and respite before embarking on another sea of troubles. The failure of the expedition, and the departure of the fleet, had overwhelmed me with grief, and I was in no mood to confront new perils.

If my new acquaintances could have read my inmost thoughts, their manner towards me could not have displayed more kindness or good breeding. Not pressing me with questions on subjects where the greatest curiosity would have been permissible, they suffered me to tell only so much as I wished of our late plans; and, as if purposely to withdraw my thoughts from the unhappy theme of our defeat, led me to talk of France, and her career in Europe.

It was not without surprise that I saw how conversant the newspapers had made them with European politics, nor how widely different did events appear, when viewed from afar off, and by the lights of another and different nationality.

Thus all that we were doing on the continent to propagate liberal notions, and promote the spread of freedom, seemed to their eyes but the efforts of an ambitious power to crush abroad what they had annihilated at home, and extend their own influence in disseminating doctrines, all to revert, one day or other, to some grand despotism, whenever the man arose capable to exercise it. The elder would not even concede to us that we were fit for freedom.

"You are glorious fellows at destroying an old edifice," said he; "but sorry architects when comes the question of rebuilding: and as to liberty, your highest notion of it is an occasional anarchy. Like school boys, you will bear any tyranny for ten years, to have ten days of a 'bar-ring out' afterwards."

I was not much flattered by these opinions; and, what was worse, I could not get them out of my head all night afterwards. Many things I had never doubted about now kept puzzling and confounding me, and I began, for the first time, to know the misery of the struggle between implicit obedience and conviction.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

I WENT to bed at night in all apparent health; save from the flurry and excitement of an anxious mind, I was in no respect different from my usual mood; and yet, when I awoke next morning, my head was distracted with a racking pain, cramps were in all my limbs, and I could not turn or even move without intense suffering. The long exposure to rain, while my mind was in a condition of extreme excitement, had brought on an attack of fever, and, before evening set in, I was raving in wild delirium. Every scene I had passed through, each eventful incident of my life, came flashing in disjointed portions through my poor brain; and I raved away of France, of Germany, of the dreadful days of terror, and the fearful orgies of the "Revolution." Scenes of strife and struggle—the terrible conflicts of the streets—all rose before me; and the names of every blood-stained hero of France now mingled with the obscure titles of Irish insurrection.

What narratives of my early life I may have given—what stories I may have revealed of my strange career, I cannot tell; but the interest my kind hosts took in me grew stronger every day. There was no care nor kindness they did not lavish on me. Taking alternate nights to sit up with me, they watched beside my bed, like brothers. All that affection could give they rendered me, and even from their narrow fortunes they paid a physician, who came from a distant town to visit me. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave my bed, and sit at the window, or stroll slowly in the garden, I became aware of the full extent to which their kindness had carried them, and, in the precautions for secrecy, I saw the peril to which my presence exposed them. From an excess of delicacy towards me, they did not allude to the subject, nor show the slightest uneasiness about

the matter; but day by day some little circumstance would occur, some slight and trivial fact reveal the state of anxiety they lived in. They were averse, too, from all discussion of late events, and either answered my questions vaguely or with a certain reserve; and when I hinted at my hope of being soon able to appear before a magistrate and establish my claim as a French citizen, they replied that the moment was an unfavorable one; the lenity of the government had latterly been abused; their gracious intentions misstated and perverted; that, in fact, a reaction towards severity had occurred, and military law and courts-martial were summarily disposing of cases that a short time back would have received the mildest sentences of civil tribunals. It was clear, from all they said, that if the rebellion was suppressed, the insurrectionary feeling was not extinguished, and that England was the very reverse of tranquil on the subject of Ireland. It was to no purpose that I repeated my personal indifference to all these measures of severity; that, in my capacity as a Frenchman and an officer, I stood exempt from all the consequences they alluded to. Their reply was, that in times of trouble and alarm things were done which quieter periods would never have sanctioned, and that indiscreet and over-zealous men would venture on acts that neither law nor justice could substantiate. In fact, they gave me to believe, that such was the excitement of the moment, such the embittered vengeance of those whose families or fortunes had suffered by the rebellion, that no reprisals would be thought too heavy, nor any harshness too great, for those who aided the movement.

Whatever I might have said against the injustice of this proceeding, in my secret heart I had to confess that it was only what might have been expected, and coming from a country where it was enough to call a man an aristocrat, and then cry "a la lanterne," I saw nothing unreasonable in it all.

My friends advised me, therefore, instead of preferring any formal claim to immunity, to take the first occasion of escaping to America, whence I could not fail, later on, of returning to France.

At first, the counsel only irritated me, but by degrees, as I came to think more calmly and seriously of the difficulties, I began to regard it in a different light; and at last I fully concurred in the wisdom of the advice, and resolved on adopting it.

To sit on the cliffs, and watch the ocean for hours, became now the practice of my life—to gaze from day-break almost to the falling of night over the wide expanse of sea, straining my eyes at each sail, and conjecturing to what distant shore they were tending. The hopes, which at first sustained, at last deserted me, as week after week passed over, and no prospect of escape appeared. The life of inactivity gradually depressed my spirits, and I fell into a low and moping condition, in which my hours rolled over without thought or notice. Still, I returned each day to my accustomed spot, a lofty peak of rock that stood over the sea, and

from which the view extended for miles on every side. There, half hid in the wild heath, I used to lie for hours long, my eyes bent upon the sea, but my thoughts wandering away to a past that never was to be renewed, and a future I was never destined to experience.

"Although late in the autumn, the season was mild and genial, and the sea calm and waveless, save along the shore, where, even in the stillest weather, the great breakers come tumbling in with a force, independent of storm, and listening to their booming thunder, I have dreamed away hour after hour unconsciously. It was one day, as I lay thus, that my attention was caught by the sight of three large vessels on the very verge of the horizon. Habit had now given me a certain acuteness, and I could perceive from their height and size that they were ships of war. For a while they seemed as if steering for the entrance of the "lough," but afterwards they changed their course, and headed towards the west. At length they separated, and one of smaller size, and probably a frigate from her speed, shot forward beyond the rest, and, in less than half an hour, disappeared from view. The other two gradually sunk beneath the horizon, and not a sail was to be seen over the wide expanse. While speculating on what errand the squadron might be employed, I thought I could hear the deep and rolling sound of distant cannonading. My ear was too practised in the thundering crash of the breakers along shore to confound the noises; and as I listened I fancied that I could distinguish the sound of single guns from the louder roar of a whole broadside. This could not mean saluting, nor was it likely to be a mere exercise of the fleet. They were not times when much powder was expended unprofitably. Was it then an engagement? But with what or whom? Tandy's expedition, as it was called, had long since sailed, and must ere this have been captured or safe in France. I tried a hundred conjectures to explain the mystery, which now, from the long continuance of the sounds, seemed to denote a desperately contested engagement. It was not till after three hours that the cannonading ceased, and then I could descry a thick dark canopy of smoke that hung hazily over one spot in the horizon, as if marking out the scene of the struggle. With what aching, torturing anxiety I burned to know what had happened, and with which side rested the victory! Well habituated to hear of the English as victors in every naval engagement, I yet went on hoping against hope itself, that Fortune might for once have favored us; nor was it till the falling night prevented my being able to trace out distant objects, that I could leave the spot and turn homewards. With wishes so directly opposed to theirs, I did not venture to tell my two friends what I had witnessed, nor trust myself to speak on a subject where my feelings might have betrayed me into unseemly expressions of my hopes. I was glad to find that they knew nothing of the matter, and talked away indifferently of other subjects. By day-break, the next morning, I was at my post, a



sharp nor'wester blowing, and a heavy sea rolling in from the Atlantic. Instinctively carrying my eyes to the spot where I had heard the cannonade, I could distinctly see the tops of spars, as if the upper rigging of some vessels, beyond the horizon. Gradually they rose higher and higher, till I could detect the yard-arms and cross-trees, and finally the great hulls of five vessels that were bearing towards me.

For above an hour I could see their every movement, as with all canvas spread they held on majestically towards the land, when at length a lofty promontory of the bay intervened, and they were lost to my view. I jumped to my legs at once, and set off down the cliff to reach the headland, from whence an uninterrupted prospect extended. The distance was greater than I had supposed, and in my eagerness to take a direct line to it, I got entangled in difficult gorges among the hills, and impeded by mountain torrents which often compelled me to go back a considerable distance; it was already late in the afternoon as I gained the crest of a ridge over the Bay of Lough Swilly. Beneath me lay the calm surface of the lough, landlocked and still; but further out, seaward, there was a sight that made my very limbs tremble, and sickened my heart as I beheld it. There was a large frigate, that, with studding-sails set, stood boldly up the bay, followed by a dismasted three-decker, at whose mizen floated the ensign of England over the French "tri-color." Several other vessels were grouped about the offing, all of them displaying English colors.

The dreadful secret was out. There had been a tremendous sea-fight and the *Hoche*, of seventy-four guns, was the sad spectacle which, with shattered sides and ragged rigging, I now beheld entering the bay. Oh, the humiliation of that sight! I can never forget it. And although on all the surrounding hills scarcely fifty country people were assembled, I felt as if the whole of Europe were spectators of our defeat. The flag I had always believed triumphant now hung ignominiously beneath the ensign of the enemy, and the decks of our noble ship were crowded with the uniforms of English sailors and marines.

The blue water surged and spouted from the shot holes as the great hull loomed heavily from side to side, and broken spars and ropes still hung over the side as she went, a perfect picture of defeat. Never was disaster more legibly written. I watched her till the anchor dropped, and then, in a burst of emotion, I turned away, unable to endure more. As I hastened homeward I met the elder of my two hosts coming to meet me, in considerable anxiety. He had heard of the capture of the *Hoche*, but his mind was far more intent on another and less important event. Two men had just been at his cottage with a warrant for my arrest. The document bore my name and rank, as well as a description of my appearance, and significantly alleged, that although Irish by birth, I affected a foreign accent for the sake of concealment.

"There is no chance of escape now," said my friend; "we are surrounded with spies on every hand. My advice is, therefore, to hasten to Lord Cavan's quarters—he is now at Letterkenny—and give yourself up as a prisoner. There is at least the chance of your being treated like the rest of your countrymen. I have already provided you with a horse and a guide, for I must not accompany you myself. Go, then, Maurice. We shall never see each other again; but we'll not forget you, nor do we fear that you will forget us. My brother could not trust himself to take leave of you, but his best wishes and prayers go with you."

Such were the last words my kind-hearted friend spoke to me; nor do I know what reply I made, as, overcome by emotion, my voice became thick and broken. I wanted to tell all my gratitude, and yet could say nothing. To this hour I know not with what impression of me he went away. I can only assert, that, in all the long career of vicissitudes of a troubled and adventurous life, these brothers have occupied the chosen spot of my affection, for everything that was disinterested in kindness and generous in good feeling.

They have done more; for they have often reconciled me to a world of harsh injustice and illiberality, by remembering that two such exceptions existed, and that others may have experienced what fell to my lot.

For a mile or two my way lay through the mountains, but after reaching the high road, I had not proceeded far when I was overtaken by a jaunting-car, on which a gentleman was seated, with his leg supported by a cushion, and bearing all the signs of a severe injury.

"Keep the near side of the way, sir, I beg of you," cried he; "I have a broken leg, and am excessively uneasy when a horse passes close to me."

I touched my cap in salute, and immediately turned my horse's head to comply with his request.

"Did you see that, George?" cried another gentleman, who sat on the opposite side of the vehicle; "did you remark that fellow's salute? My life on 't he's a French soldier."

"Nonsense, man; he's the steward of a Clyde smack, or a clerk in a counting-house," said the first, in a voice which, though purposely low, my quick hearing could catch perfectly.

"Are we far from Letterkenny just now, sir?" said the other, addressing me.

"I believe about five miles," said I, with a prodigious effort to make my pronunciation pass muster.

"You're a stranger in these parts, I see, sir," rejoined he, with a cunning glance at his friend, while he added, lower, "was I right, Hill?"

Although seeing that all concealment was now hopeless, I was in nowise disposed to plead guilty at once, and therefore, with a cut of my switch, pushed my beast into a sharp canter to get forward.

My friends, however, gave chase, and now the jaunting-car, notwithstanding the sufferings of the invalid, was clattering after me at about nine miles

an hour. At first I rather enjoyed the malice of the penalty their curiosity was costing, but as I remembered that the invalid was not the chief offender, I began to feel compunction at the severity of the lesson, and drew up to a walk.

They at once shortened their pace, and came up beside me.

"A clever hack you're riding, sir," said the inquisitive man.

"Not so bad for an animal of this country," said I, superciliously.

"Oh, then, what kind of a horse are you accustomed to?" asked he, half insolently.

"The Limousin," said I, coolly, "what we always mount in our Hussar regiments in France."

"And you are a French soldier then?" cried he, in evident astonishment at my frankness.

"At your service, sir," said I, saluting; "a lieutenant of Hussars; and if you are tormented by any further curiosity concerning me, I may as well relieve you by stating that I am proceeding to Lord Cavan's head-quarters, to surrender as a prisoner."

"Frank enough that!" said he of the broken leg, laughing heartily as he spoke. "Well, sir," said the other, "you are as your countrymen would call it, '*bien tenu*,' for we are bound in that direction ourselves, and will be happy to have your company."

One piece of tact my worldly experience had profoundly impressed upon me, and that was, the necessity of always assuming an air of easy unconcern in every circumstance of doubtful issue. There was quite enough of difficulty in the present case to excite my anxiety, but I rode along beside the jaunting-car, chatting familiarly with my new acquaintances, and, I believe, without exhibiting the slightest degree of uneasiness regarding my own position.

From them I learned so much as they had heard of the late naval engagement. The report was that Bompard's fleet had fallen in with Sir John Warren's squadron; and having given orders for his fastest sailers to make the best of their way to France, had, with the Hoche, the Loire,

and the Resolve, given battle to the enemy. These had all been captured, as well as four others which fled, two alone of the whole succeeding in their escape. I think now that, grievous as these tidings were, there was nothing of either boastfulness or insolence in the tone in which they were communicated to me. Every praise was accorded to Bompard for skill and bravery, and the defence was spoken of in terms of generous eulogy. The only trait of acrimony that showed itself in the recital was, a regret that a number of Irish rebels should have escaped in the Biche, one of the smaller frigates, and several emissaries of the people, who had been deputed to the admiral, were also alleged to have been on board of that vessel.

"You are sorry to have had missed your friend, the priest of Murrah," said Hill, jocularly.

"Yes, by George, that fellow should have graced a gallows if I had been lucky enough to have taken him."

"What was his crime, sir?" asked I, with seeming unconcern.

"Nothing more than exciting to rebellion a people with whom he had no tie of blood or kindred! He was a Frenchman, and devoted himself to the cause of Ireland, as they call it, from pure sympathy——"

"And a dash of Popery," broke in Hill.

"It's hard to say even that; my own opinion is, that French Jacobinism cares very little for the Pope. Am I right, young gentleman—you don't go very often to confession!"

"I should do so less frequently if I were to be subjected to such a system of interrogatory as yours," said I, tartly.

They both took my impertinent speech in good part, and laughed heartily at it; and thus, half amicably, half in earnest, we entered the little town of Letterkenny, just as night was falling.

"If you'll be our guest for this evening, sir," said Hill, "we shall be happy to have your company."

I accepted the invitation, and followed them into the inn.

From the Day-Book.

#### THE BEST OF TIMES IS NOW.

"THERE is a good time coming, boys,"  
Is the burden of the song;—  
Such is the poetry of youth,  
When life and hope are strong;  
But when the sun of life declines,  
Age cries, "How changed are men!  
Things were not so when I was young—  
The best of times was then."  
  
"There is a good time coming, boys,"  
Is true enough, I trow—  
And says the plain unclouded truth,  
There is a good time now.  
Why not improve the present, then,  
Where'er the future lead,  
And let each passing moment's page  
Bear proof of thought and deed?

"There is a good time coming, boys,"  
Makes many a heedless youth,  
Who all forgets the present hour—  
The first, the greatest truth,  
That of all time since earth began,  
The present is for him—  
That age will soon his powers waste,  
And palsy mind and limb.

"There is a good time coming, boys,"  
And many a one has passed—  
For each has had his own good time,  
And will have to the last.  
Then tarry not, oh! eager youth,  
For fairer gales to blow,  
But bear in mind the first of truths—  
THE BEST OF TIMES IS NOW.

New York, Feb. 8, 1851.

T. D. G.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## ISCHL.

Of all my pleasant days, three days  
I specially remember;  
A three days' journey in a chaise;  
Three days in one September;  
Which we, at danger unappalled,  
From Salzburg did determine  
To spend in Arcady ('t is called  
Salzkammergut in German).  
Those days have ledgers to themselves  
Of extra folio vellum,  
And stand upon the foremost shelves  
Within my cerebellum.  
For that blest land of Arcady  
(Salzkammergut in German)  
Has tongues, indeed, in every tree,  
In every stone a sermon;  
And books in every running brook;  
Nay, if it were not cruel,  
In its toads' heads, were you to look,  
I'll lay you 'd find a jewel.  
And still, whene'er I yield my eye  
To memory's brisk officials,  
Straight London's smoke is Ischl's sky,  
And London's scenes are Ischl's.  
Again in ecstasy I float  
On Hallstadt's glassy basin,  
Which lordly Dachstein bathes his foot,  
And views his stony face in;  
The rocks spring up, as with a shout;  
The vales run on before me;  
The light wind blows, the flowers shine out,  
The beech and fir hang o'er me;  
Through rattling stones, against the sky,  
The goat or heifer scrambles;  
Like school broke loose, the streams rush by  
To their eternal gambols;  
A thousand sights, like swarming bees,  
At once come thick and thronging,  
And fill my heart with thoughts of peace  
And blissful dreamy longing.  
By heaven! I hardly can believe  
It was mere rock or river  
That thus can make my bosom heave,  
My eyelid fill and quiver!  
No touch of flesh and blood? no word  
Or voice of human singer?  
Through all these glorious strains no chord  
That's struck by human finger?  
Is there no verse, no stirring tale,  
No sad or tender story,  
To light the mountain and the vale  
With love, or faith, or glory?  
Or have I left some friend behind?  
Or met, some fairy creek in,  
The eyes in which we seem to find  
A thing we have been seeking?  
The chambermaid!—She wore a front,  
And was a plain young woman;  
The miller's wife, who rowed the punt,  
Was nothing superhuman.  
The guide, and he who drove the flies,  
Were worthy men a pair of,  
But no "Knight Templars in disguise;"  
At least, that I'm aware of.

No; all in all is nature here;  
But oh, where she can carve  
Such feasts as these for eye and ear,  
The heart can hardly starve.

At Gmunden, where the trembling Traun  
Finds from the lake an outlet—  
A neat, white-walled, green-shuttered town—  
'T is there we got a cutlet.

(Oh what a home that lake would be  
For water-nymph or merman!)  
I bid farewell to Arcady  
(Salzkammergut in German).

I take to steamer and to train,  
And make my way to Dover;  
And now I'm in the world again—  
My three days' trance is over;—

This world again of painted lead,  
And dingy, dirty bubbles;  
Of idle cakes and sweet-earned bread,  
Dull jests and comic troubles;

Of lies, and truths as bad as lies,  
Of tragedies and farces,  
And folk who gravely clap their eyes  
To the wrong end of their glasses;—

This world of noise and windy talk,  
Of newspapers and squabbling—  
Where none may take his ease and walk,  
But all is skip or hobbling—

Where rascals rob, and gossips maul,  
And canting humbugs mad one;  
This vulgar world;—yet, after all,  
Perhaps 't is not a bad one!

From the New Orleans Crescent.

JENNY LIND ON SUNDAY.—In another place, mention is incidentally made of the fact that Jenny Lind declined to leave here on the Sabbath. We think, however, that it deserves especial remark. It is equal to fifty sermons—it is a practical fact. Arrangements had been made for her concerts at Natchez and Memphis, based on her departure from here on Saturday. The boat, however, was delayed; there was yet time to keep the appointments, and leave on Sunday morning. This she at once refused to do, and declined to hold any conversation in regard to the pecuniary loss. It is true that the concerts will be held, but on different days—and after one disappointment, the audiences will be much smaller.

Miss Lind is entitled to the thanks of all religious persons for this strict observance of the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." At this moment her conduct attracts very general observation, and the effect of her example will be felt far and wide. We hope, particularly, members of the theatrical profession will bear it in mind, and hereafter refuse to perform on Sabbath night. This is the only city, as we are informed, where the actors are thus taxed. In this city we are indebted to a very public-spirited individual for this improvement. The masked balls fell through, crushed by the public indignation—but the Sunday night theatricals have been kept up. Miss Cushman has always refused to perform here on Sunday nights. Mr. Neafie tried to resist, but was unwisely persuaded to yield the point. Jenny Lind, however, not only refuses to sing on Sunday nights, but even to travel on the Sabbath—and submits to a pecuniary loss, rather than violate the commandment. We trust this fact will be noted by the press everywhere.



From Household Words.

## THE STORY OF GIOVANNI BELZONI.

ONE day, in the beginning of the year 1803, Mr. Salt, whose name has since become so celebrated amongst the discoverers of Egyptian antiquities, observed, before one of the public rooms of Edinburgh, a great crowd assembled. For almost every one there exists a mysterious attraction in the sight of a number of people, and Mr. Salt, no wiser than his neighbors, pushed his way, when the doors were opened, into the room. There, on a sort of stage, he saw a tall and powerfully-built young man, performing various gymnastic exercises, and feats of strength. While this Hercules in tinsel was lifting enormous weights, and jumping from a table over the heads of twelve men, a pretty, delicate-looking young woman was arranging some hydraulic machines and musical glasses, with which the entertainment was to terminate. As the price of admission was nominal, she occasionally also handed round a small wooden bowl, in order to collect gratuities from the spectators.

Very few of those who were enjoying the exhibition gave anything; and when the young woman approached her husband, and showed him the few coins she had received, he hastened to terminate his performance. Mr. Salt pitied the poor fellow, and as the young woman was passing, said to her,

"You forgot to present your bowl for my contribution. Here it is."

He slipped a silver coin into her hand. Both she and her husband thanked him warmly; the latter in broken English, and with an Italian accent.

Mr. Salt, who had but just returned from Rome, replied in Italian; and, perceiving in the stranger's manner of expressing himself a degree of refinement not to be expected from a mountebank, asked him whence he came, and what was his history?

"Six months ago, sir," replied the man, "if any one had told me that I should be reduced to earn my bread by exhibiting my strength in public, I should have felt greatly inclined to knock him down. I came to England for the purpose of making known some hydraulic machines of my invention; but the spirit of routine, and the love of ignorance, closed every avenue against me. Previously, before losing all my hopes of success, I married this young girl. Had I been alone in the world, I verily believe that the bitter destruction of my expectations would have rendered me careless of supporting life; but how could I leave her in misery?"

"But why not try to display your really extraordinary strength and dexterity under more favorable circumstances? Why do you not offer your services to some theatrical manager?"

"Hungry people, sir, cannot wait. I did not think of resorting to this method of earning a piece of bread, until I saw my wife ready to perish for the want of it."

The kind Mr. Salt not only relieved his immediate wants, but offered to recommend him and his wife to the manager of Astley's Circus, in London. Gratefully and eagerly did the wanderers accept this offer; and while, in company with their benefactor, who paid for their places on the coach, they journeyed towards town, the man related his history. Born at Padua, the son of a poor barber, and one of fourteen children, Giovanni Battista Belzoni felt from his earliest youth a longing desire to visit foreign lands. This "truant disposition" was fostered, if not caused, by the stories of maritime adventures told him by an old sailor; who was

strongly suspected of having, during many years, practised the profession of a pirate.

The reading, or rather devouring, of a translated copy of "Robinson Crusoe," (and it is a most remarkable circumstance that the book which has for its avowed purpose the disheartening of restless adventurers, should have made wanderers and voyagers innumerable,) gave form and fixedness to his purpose of rambling; and, in company with his youngest brother, the boy set out, one fine morning, without any intention but the somewhat vague one of "travelling to seek their fortune." The young fugitives walked several miles, without knowing, in the least, whither they were going, when a pedler, who was riding slowly by in a cart, accosted them, and asked if they were going to Ferrara. Belzoni, although he never heard the name before, immediately answered in the affirmative. The good-natured merchant, pleased with the countenances, and pitying the tired looks of the children, not only gave them a place in his vehicle, but shared with them his luncheon of bread, cheese, and fruit. That night they occupied part of their companion's lodging; but next day, as his business required him to stop at the village where they slept, the two boys took leave of him, and pursued their journey. Their next adventure was not so fortunate. Meeting an empty return carriage, they asked the *vetturino* to give them a ride; and, he consenting, they joyfully got in. Arrived at Ferrara, the *vetturino* asked them for money. Giovanni, astonished, replied that they had none; and the unfeeling man stripped the poor children of their upper garments, leaving them half-naked and penniless in the streets of an unknown city. Giovanni's undaunted spirit would have led him still to persevere in the wild-goose chase which had lured him from his home; but his brother Antonio wept, and complained so loudly, that he was fain to console the child by consenting to retrace their steps to Padua. That night, clasped in each other's arms, they slept beneath a doorway, and the next morning set out for their native city, begging their food on the journey.

The severe chastisement which Giovanni, as the instigator of this escapade, received on his return, did not in anywise cure his love of rambling. He submitted, however, to learn his father's trade, and at the age of eighteen, armed with shaving and hair-cutting implements, he set out for Rome, and there exercised the occupation of a barber with success. After some time, he became deeply attached to a girl who, after encouraging his addresses, deserted him and married a wealthy rival. This disappointment preyed so deeply on Belzoni, that, renouncing at the same time love and the razor, the world and the brazen bowl of suds, he entered a convent, and became a capuchin. The leisure of the cloister was employed by him in the study of hydraulics; and he was busy in constructing an Artesian well within the monastic precincts when the French army under Napoleon took possession of Rome. The monks of every order were expelled and dispersed; and our poor capuchin, obliged to cut his own beard, purchased once more the implements of his despised calling, and travelled into Holland, the head-quarters of hydraulics, which were still his passion. The Dutch did not encourage him, and he came to this country. Here he met his future wife, and consoled himself for his past misfortunes by marrying one who proved, through weal and woe, a fond and faithful partner. The crude hydraulic inventions of a wandering Italian were as little heeded here as on the Continent,

and we have already seen the expedient to which Belzoni was obliged to have recourse when Mr. Salt met him in Edinburgh.

Having reached London, the kind antiquary introduced his *protégés* to the manager of Astley's. The practised eye of the renowned equestrian immediately appreciated at their value the beauty and athletic vigor of the Paduan Goliath; and he engaged both him and his wife at a liberal salary. He caused a piece entitled "the twelve labors of Hercules" to be arranged expressly for his new performers; and Mr. Salt had soon afterwards the satisfaction of seeing Giovanni Belzoni appear on the stage, carrying twelve men on his arms and shoulders, while madame, in the costume of Cupid, stood at the top, as the apex of a pyramid, and waved a tiny crimson flag.

After some time, Mr. Salt went to Egypt as consul, and there became acquainted with Signor Drouetti. The two friends, equally enthusiastic on the subject of Egyptian antiquities, set to work to prosecute researches, with an ardor of rivalry which approached somewhat too nearly to jealousy. Each aspired to undertake the boldest expeditions, and to attempt the most hazardous excavations. But the great object of their ambition was an enormous bust of Memnon, in rose-colored granite, which lay half-buried in the sand on the left bank of the Nile.

Signor Drouetti had failed in all his attempts to raise it, nor was Mr. Salt a whit more successful. One day, while the latter was thinking what a pity it was that such a precious monument should be left to perish by decay, a stranger asked to speak with him. Mr. Salt desired him to be admitted; and immediately, despite his visitor's oriental garb and long beard, he recognized the Hercules of Astley's.

"What has brought you to Egypt?" asked the astonished consul.

"You shall hear, sir," replied the Italian. "After having completed my engagement in London, I set out for Lisbon, where I was employed by the manager of the theatre of San Carlo to perform the part of Samson, in a scriptural piece which had been arranged expressly for me. From thence I went to Madrid, where I appeared with applause in the theatre Della Puerta del Sol. After having collected a tolerable sum of money, I resolved to come here. My first object is to induce the Pasha to adopt an hydraulic machine for raising the waters of the Nile."

Mr. Salt then explained his wishes respecting the antiquities; but Belzoni could not, he said, enter upon that till he had carried out his scheme of waterworks.

He was accompanied, he said in continuation, by Mrs. Belzoni, and by an Irish lad of the name of James Curtin; and had reached Alexandria just as the plague was beginning to disappear from that city, as it always does on the approach of St. John's day, when, as almost everybody knows, "out of respect for the saint," it entirely ceases. The state of the country was still very alarming, yet Mr. Belzoni and his little party ventured to land, and performed quarantine in the French quarter; where, though really very unwell, they were wise enough to disguise their situation; "for the plague is so dreadful a scourge," he observed, "and operates so powerfully on human fears and human prejudices, that, during its prevalence, if a man be ill, he must be ill of the plague, and if he die, he must have died of the plague."

Belzoni went straight to Cairo, where he was

well received by Mr. Baghos, interpreter to Mahomed Ali, to whom Mr. Salt recommended him. Mr. Baghos immediately prepared to introduce him to the Pasha, that he might come to some arrangement respecting the hydraulic machine, which he proposed to construct for watering the gardens of the seraglio. As they were proceeding towards the palace, through one of the principal streets of Cairo, a fanatical Mussulman struck Mr. Belzoni so fiercely on the leg with his staff, that it tore away a large piece of flesh. The blow was severe, and the discharge of blood copious, and he was obliged to be conveyed home, where he remained under cure thirty days before he could support himself on the wounded leg. When able to leave the house, he was presented to the Pasha, who received him very civilly; but, on being told of the misfortune which had happened to him, contented himself with coolly observing, "that such accidents could not be avoided where there were troops."

An arrangement was immediately concluded for erecting a machine which was to raise as much water with one ox as the ordinary ones do with four. Mr. Belzoni soon found, however, that he had many prejudices to encounter, and many obstacles to overcome, on the part of those who were employed in the construction of the work, as well as of those who owned the cattle engaged in drawing water for the Pasha's gardens. The fate of a machine which had been sent from England taught him to augur no good for that which he had undertaken to construct. Though of the most costly description, and every way equal to perform what it was calculated to do, it had failed to answer the unreasonable expectations of the Turks—because "the quantity of water raised by it was not sufficient to inundate the whole country in an hour!—which was their measure of the power of an English water-wheel."

When that of Belzoni was completed, the Pasha proceeded to the gardens of Soubra to witness its effect. The machine was set to work, and, although constructed of bad materials, and of unskilful workmanship, its powers were greater than had been contracted for; yet the Arabs, from interested motives, declared against it. The Pasha, however, though evidently disappointed, admitted that it was equal to four of the ordinary kind, and, consequently, accorded with the agreement. Unluckily, he took it into his head to have the oxen removed, and, "by way of frolic," to see what effect could be produced by putting fifteen men into the wheel. The Irish lad got in with them; but no sooner had the wheel begun to turn than the Arabs jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, relieved from its load, flew back with such velocity, that poor Curtin was flung out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs; and, being entangled in the machinery, would, in all probability, have lost his life, had not Belzoni applied his prodigious strength to the wheel, and stopped it. The accident, however, was fatal to the project and to the future hopes of the projector.

At that time the insolence of the Turkish officers of the Pashalic was at its height, and the very sight of a "dog of a Christian" raised the ire of the more bigoted followers of the Prophet. While at Soubra, which is close to Cairo, Belzoni had a narrow escape from assassination. He relates the adventure in his work on Egypt:—

Some particular business calling me to Cairo, I was on my ass in one of the narrow streets, where I met a loaded camel. The space that remained between the camel and the wall was so little, that I could scarcely

pass; and at that moment I was met by a Binbashi, a subaltern officer, at the head of his men. For the instant I was the only obstacle that prevented his proceeding on the road; and I could neither retreat nor turn round, to give him room to pass. Seeing it was a Frank who stopped his way, he gave me a violent blow on my stomach. Not being accustomed to put up with such salutations, I returned the compliment with my whip across his naked shoulders. Instantly he took his pistol out of his belt; I jumped off my ass; he retired about two yards, pulled the trigger, fired at my head, singed the hair near my right ear, and killed one of his own soldiers, who, by this time, had come behind me. Finding that he had missed his aim, he took a second pistol; but his own soldiers assailed and disarmed him. A great noise arose in the street, and, as it happened to be close to the seraglio in the Esbakie, some of the guards ran up; but on seeing what the matter was, they interfered and stopped the Binbashi. I thought my company was not wanted, so I mounted my charger, and rode off. I went to Mr. Baghos, and told him what had happened. We repaired immediately to the citadel, saw the Pasha, and related the circumstance to him. He was much concerned, and wished to know where the soldier was, but observed that it was too late that evening to have him taken up. However, he was apprehended the next day, and I never heard or knew anything more about him. Such a lesson on the subject was not lost upon me; and I took good care, in future, not to give the least opportunity of the kind to men of that description, who can murder an European with as much indifference as they would kill an insect.

Ruined by the loss of all his savings, which he had spent in the construction of his water machines, Belzoni once more applied to Mr. Salt, and undertook the furtherance of his scheme, to convey to England the bust of Memnon. So eager was he, that the same day the Italian set out for the ruins of Thebes, and hired a hundred natives, whom he made clear away the sand which half covered the stone colossus. With a large staff in his hand, Belzoni commanded his army of Mussulmen, directed their labors, astonished them with displays of his physical strength, learned to speak their language with marvellous facility, and speedily came to be regarded by them as a superior being, endowed with magical power.

One day, however, his money failed; and at the same time the rising of the Nile destroyed in two hours the work of three months. The *fellahs* rebelled; one of them rushed towards Belzoni, intending to strike him with his dagger. The Italian coolly waited his approach, disarmed him; and then, seizing him by the feet, lifted him as though he had been a hazel wand, and began to inflict vigorous blows on the other insurgents with this novel and extemporary weapon of defence. The lesson was not thrown away: very speedily the *fellahs* returned to their duty; and after eighteen days' incessant labor, Memnon trembled at his base, and was moved towards the bank of the Nile.

The embarkation of this enormous statue presented difficulties almost as great as those which attended its disinterment and land transport. Nevertheless, the intelligence and perseverance of Belzoni surmounted every obstacle: and he brought his wondrous conquest to London, where its arrival produced a sensation similar to that caused more recently in Paris by the sight of the Obelisk of Luxor. Loaded with praise, and also with more substantial gifts, Belzoni now became an important personage, returned to Egypt and to his friend

Mr. Salt. The latter proposed to him to go up the Nile, and attempt the removal of the sand-hills which covered the principal portion of the magnificent temple of Ebsamboul. Belzoni readily consented, set out for Lower Nubia, ventured boldly amongst the savage tribes who wander through the sandy desert; returning to Thebes, he was rewarded, not only by the success of his special mission, but also by discovering the temple of Luxor.

In all his undertakings, however enterprising, Belzoni was aided and cheered by the presence of his wife. The expedition to Nubia was, however, thought too hazardous for her to undertake. But in the absence of her husband she was not idle; she dug up the statue of Jupiter Ammon, with the ram's head on his knee, which is now in the British Museum.

The temple of Luxor had been so completely, and for so long a period, buried in sand, that even its existence remained unsuspected. It had been dedicated to Isis by the Queen of Rameses the Great; and the descriptions which travellers give of it resemble those of the palaces in the "Arabian Nights." Four colossal figures, sixty-one feet in height, are seated in front. Eight others, forty-eight in height, and standing up, support the roof of the principal inner hall, in which gigantic bas-reliefs represent the whole history of Rameses. Sixteen other halls, scarcely smaller than the first, display, in all their primitive splendor, many gorgeous paintings, and the mysterious forms of myriads of statues.

After this discovery, Belzoni took up his temporary abode in the valley of *Biban-el-Moulouk* (Tombs of the Kings). He had already remarked there, amongst the rocks, a fissure of a peculiar form, and which was evidently the work of man. He caused this opening to be enlarged, and soon discovered the entrance to a long corridor, whose walls were covered with sculptures and hieroglyphical paintings. A deep fosse and a wall barred the further end of the cave; but he broke a passage through, and found a second vault, in which stood an alabaster sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics. He took possession of this, and sent it safely to Europe. His own account of these difficulties is extremely interesting:—

Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions, which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the walls, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found



myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became injured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but, as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways—some standing, some lying, and some on their heads.

Afterwards, Belzoni travelled to the shores of the Red Sea, inspected the ruins of Berenice; then returned to Cairo, and directed excavations to be made at the bases of the great pyramids of Ghizeh; penetrated into that of Chephren—which had hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans—and discovered within it the sacred chamber where repose the hallowed bones of the bull Apis. The Valley of Faioum, the Lake Mœris, the ruins of Arsinoë, the sands of Lybia, all yielded up their secrets to his dauntless spirit of research. He visited the oasis of El-Cassar, the Fountain of the Sun; strangled in his arms two treacherous guides, who tried to assassinate him; and then left Egypt, and returned to Padua with his wife.

The son of the humble barber had now become a rich and celebrated personage. A triumphal entry was prepared for him; and the municipal authorities of his native city met him at the gate, and presented him with an address. Manfredini was commissioned to engrave a medal which should commemorate the history of the illustrious traveller. England, however, soon claimed him; and on his arrival in London, he was received with the same honors as in his own country. Then he published an account of his travels, under the following title: "Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries in the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Cities of Egypt and Nubia, &c."

In 1822, Belzoni returned to Africa, with the intention of penetrating to Timbuctoo. Passing in the following year from the Bight of Benia towards Houssa, he was attacked with dysentery; was carried back to Gato, and thence put on board an English vessel lying off the coast. There, with much firmness and resignation, he prepared to meet his end. He entrusted the captain with a large amethyst to be given to his wife, and also with a letter which he wrote to his faithful companion through good and evil days. Soon afterwards, he breathed his last. They buried him at Gato, at the

foot of a large tree, and engraved on his tomb the following epitaph in English—

*Here lies Belzoni, who died at this place, on his way to Timbuctoo, December 3rd, 1823.*

Belzoni was but forty-five years old when he died. A statue of him was erected at Padua on the 4th of July, 1827. Very recently the government of Great Britain bestowed on his widow the tardy solace of a small pension.

Giovanni Belzoni, the once starving mountebank, became one of the most illustrious men in Europe!—an encouraging example to all those who have not only sound heads to project, but stout hearts to execute.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE CHILD COMMODORE.

AFTER a long continental ramble, I was glad to have the prospect of getting home again; but an embargo was laid upon me at Boulogne. It blew great guns from the opposite side of the Channel. The genius of Albion was not just then in the mood for receiving visits, or welcoming the return of absentees; and so the steam-packet lay fretting in the harbor, and rubbing her sides peevishly against the pier; while her intending passengers were distributed among the hotels and boarding-houses, venting their discontent on the good things of the table-d'hôte, and mounting every now and then to the garret to throw a scowling look to windward.

For my part I had been tossed about the world too long, and bumped too hard against its rocks and snags, to think much of a little compulsory tranquillity. On the second day I rather liked it. It was amusing to watch the characters of my companions stealing out from beneath the veil of conventionalism; and it was better than amusing to become actually acquainted with one or two of them, as if we were indeed men and women, and not the mere automata of society. Taking them in the mass, however, a good deal of the distinction observable among them depended on the mere circumstance of age. We old gentlemen sat coolly sipping our wine after dinner, rarely alluding in conversation to our present dilemma; while the green hands, after a whirl round the billiard-table, drank their glass of brandy and water with vehemence, and passed a unanimous vote of censure on the captain for his breach of faith and unsailor-like timidity.

"This is pleasant!" said I, smiling at one of these outbreaks, which occurred late at night—"one always meets something out of the way in travelling."

"I never do," replied the gentleman I had addressed; "I find the human character everywhere the same. You may witness the same kind of absurdity among raw lads like these every day at home; and it is only your own imagination that flings upon it here a different color. I wish I could see something strange."

"Perhaps, my dear sir," said I blandly, "you never look! For my part I never fail to meet with something strange, if I have only the opportunity of examining. Come, let us go out into the street, and I shall undertake to prove it. Let us peep under the first veil or the first slouched hat we meet, and I pledge myself that, on due inquiry, we shall light upon a tale as odd or as wild as fancy ever framed. A bottle of wine upon it!"

"Done!"

"Done then; but hold, what's that!"

"Le paquebot va partir à minuit!"

"Hurra!" cried the young men. "The storm is not down a single breath, and it is pitch dark! The captain's a trump after all!"

Then there were hurrying steps, and slamming doors, and flitting lights through the whole house: then hasty reckonings, and jingling coins, and bows, and shrugs, and fights with the sleeves of greatcoats; and finally, stiff moving figures mummied in broadcloth; and grim faces, half-visible between the cravat and cap; and slender forms, bonneted, yet shapeless, clinging to stout arms, as we all floated out into the night.

"The diet is deserted," said my friend, "pro loco et tempore."

"Only the venue changed to shipboard," gasped I against the wind. "Remember the first man, woman, or child that attracts our attention on deck." And so we parted, losing one another, and ourselves lost in the unsteady crowd.

The vessel had cleared the harbor before I met with my friend in the darkness and confusion of the midnight deck; and when we were thrown together, it was with such emphasis that we both came down. We fell, however, upon a bundle of something comparatively soft—something that stirred and winced at the contact—something that gave a low cry in three several cadences, as if it had three voices. It gave us, in fact, some confused idea of a mass of heads, legs, arms, and other appurtenances of the human body, but the whole was shrouded in a sort of woolly covering, the nature of which the darkness of the night and the rolling of the ship rendered it impossible to ascertain. I thought to myself for a moment that this was just the thing for my boasted demonstration; but no philosophy could keep the deck under such circumstances; and when my friend and I had gathered ourselves up, we made the best of our way—and it was no easy task—to the cabin, and crept into our berths. As I lay there in comparative coziness, my thoughts reverted to that bundle of life, composed in all probability of deck passengers, exposed to the cold night-wind and the drenching spray; but I soon fell asleep, my sympathy merging as my faculties became more dim in a grateful sense of personal comfort.

As the morning advanced, the wind moderated, testifying to the weather-wisdom of our captain; and my friend and I getting up betimes, met once more upon the deck. The bundle of life was still there, just without the sacred line which deck and steerage passengers must not cross; and we saw that it was composed of human figures, huddled together without distinction, under coarse and tattered cloaks.

"These persons," said I dictatorially, pointing to them with my cane, "have a story, and a strange one; and by and by we shall get at it."

"The common story of the poor," replied my friend; "a story of hardship, perhaps of hunger; but why don't they wake up?"

This question seemed to have occurred to some of the other passengers, and all looked with a sort of languid curiosity, as they passed, at the breathing bundle of rags. After a time, some motion was observed beneath the tattered cloaks, and at length a head emerged from their folds; a head that might have been either a woman's or a little girl's, so old it was in expression, and so young in size and softness. It was a little girl's, as was

proved by the shoulders that followed—thin, slight, childish; but so intelligent was the look she cast around, so full of care and anxiety, that she seemed to have the burthen of a whole family on her back. After ascertaining by that look, as it seemed, what her present position was, and bestowing a slight, sweeping glance upon the bystanders, the ship, and the gloomy sky, she withdrew her thoughts from these extraneous matters, and with a gentle hand, and some whispered words, extracted from his bed of rags, a small, pale, little boy. The boy woke up in a sort of fright, but the moment his eyes rested on his sister's face—for she was his sister, that was clear—he was calm and satisfied. No smiles were exchanged, such as might have befitted their age; no remark on the novel circumstances of their situation. The boy looked at nothing but the girl; and the girl smoothed his hair with her fingers, arranged his threadbare dress, and breathing on his hands, polished them with her sleeve. This girl though bearing the marks of premature age, could not in reality have been more than eleven, and the boy was probably four years younger.

A larger figure was still invisible, except in the indefinite outline of the cloak, and my friend and I indulged in some whispered speculations as to what it might turn out.

"The elder sister doubtless," said he with one of his cold smiles; "a pretty and disconsolate young woman, the heroine of your intended romance, and the winner of my bottle of wine!"

"Have patience," said I, "have patience;" but I had not much myself. I wished the young woman would awake, and I earnestly hoped—I confess the fact—that she might prove to be as pretty as I was sure she was disconsolate. You may suppose, therefore, that it was with some anxiety I at length saw the cloak stir, and with some surprise I beheld emerge from it one of the most ordinary and commonplace of all the daughters of Eve. She was obviously the mother of the two children, but although endowed with all her natural faculties, quite as helpless and dependent as the little boy. She held out her hand to the little girl, who kissed it affectionately in the dutiful morning fashion of Fatherland; and then dropping with that action the manner of the child, resumed, as if from habit, the authority and duties of the parent. She arranged her mother's hair and dress as she had done those of her brother, dictated to her the place and posture in which she was to sit, and passed a full half hour—I cannot now tell how—in quiet but incessant activity.

Time passed on; the other passengers had all breakfasted; but no one had seen the solitary family eat. Two or three of us remarked the circumstance to each other, and suggested the propriety of our doing something. But what to do was the question, for although poor, they were obviously not beggars. I at length ventured to offer a biscuit to the little boy. He looked at it, and then at his sister, but did not stir. The proceeding, apparently, was contrary to their notions of etiquette; and I presented the biscuit to the mother "for her little son." She took it mechanically—indifferently—as if it was a thing she had no concern in, and handed it to the girl. The little girl bowed gravely, muttered some words in German, apparently of thanks, and dividing the biscuit among them, in three unequal portions, of which she kept the smallest to herself, they all began to eat with some eagerness.

"Hunger!" said my friend—"I told you; nothing else."

"We shall see;" but I could not think of my theory just then. The family, it appeared, were starving; they had undertaken the little voyage without preparation of any kind in food, extra clothing, or money; and, under such circumstances, they sat calmly, quietly, without uttering a single complaint. In a few minutes a more substantial breakfast was before them; and it was amusing to see the coolness with which the little girl commodore accepted the providential windfall, as if it had been something she expected, although ignorant of the quarter whence it should come, and the business-like gravity with which she proceeded to arrange it on their joint laps, and distribute the shares. Nothing escaped her; her sharp look was on every detail; if a fold of her mother's cloak was out of order, she stopped her till she had set it right; and when her brother coughed as he swallowed some tea, she raised his face, and patted him on the back. I admired that little creature with her wan face, and quick eyes, and thin fragile shoulders; but she had no attention to bestow on any one but the family committed to her charge.

"This is comical," said my friend; "I wonder what they are. But they have done breakfast; see how carefully the little girl puts away the fragments! Let us now ask them for what you call their 'story,' and get them to relate the romantic circumstances which have induced them to emigrate to London, to join some of their relatives in the business of selling matches or grinding organs!"

We first tried the mother, but she, in addition to being of a singularly taciturn, indifferent disposition, spoke nothing but German. The little boy answered only with a negative or affirmative. The commodore of the party, however, knew some words of French, and some of English, and we were able to understand what she told us with no more difficulty than arose from the oddity of the circumstances. The following is the dialogue that took place between us, with her polyglott part translated into common English.

"Where are you from, my little lass?"

"Is it me, sir? Oh, I am from New York."

"From New York! What were you doing there?"

"Keeping my father's room, sir; he is a journeyman."

"And what brings you to Europe?"

"My father sent me to bring over mother."

"Sent you?"

"Yes, sir; and because my brother could not be left in the room all day when my father was out at work, I took him with me."

"What; and you two little children crossed the ocean to fetch your mother?"

"Oh that is nothing; the ship brought us—we did not come. It was worse when we landed in London; for there were so many people there, and so many houses, it was just as if we had to find our way, without a ship, through the waves of the sea."

"And what were you to do in London?"

"I was to go to a countryman of ours, who would find me a passage to France. But nobody we met in the street knew him, and nobody could understand what place it was I asked for: and if we had not met a little German boy with an organ, I do not know what we should have done. But somebody always comes in time—God sends him. Father told us that."

"And the little German boy took you to your countryman?"

"Yes, and more than that! He bought some bread with a penny as we went along, and we all sat down on a step and ate it." Here my friend suddenly used his handkerchief, and coughed vigorously; but the young girl went on without minding the interruption.

"Our countryman gave us a whole handful of copper money, and a paper to the captain of the ship. It was late before we got there, and we were so tired that I could hardly get my brother along. But the captain was so good as to let us sleep on the deck."

"Your mother was in Germany. How did you get to her?"

"Oh, we walked—but not always. Sometimes we got a cast in a wagon; and when we were very hungry, and would not lay out our money, we were always sure to get something given us to eat."

"Then you had money?"

"Oh yes, to be sure!" and the little girl gave a cunning twinkle of her eye. "We could not get mother away, you know, without money—could we, mother?" patting her on the back like one fondling a child.

Such was the story of the little commodore—a story which was listened to not only by my friend and myself, but by at least a score of other persons, some of whom will no doubt be pleased to see it here reproduced.\* A collection was made for the travellers, whose boasted funds had been exhausted at Boulogne; but what became of them afterwards I never knew. When we reached London, I saw them walk up the landing-place—wholly unencumbered with baggage, poor things!—the mother and the little boy clinging on either side to the commodore; and so, like the shadowy figures in the "Pilgrim's Progress," "they passed on their way, and I saw them no more."

For my own part, my theory had gone much further than I had thought of carrying it. My friend himself was not more surprised than I by the story of the little girl; and, like the Witch of Endor, when her pretended incantations were answered by the actual apparition of the prophet, I was stupefied by my own success.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### AN INEDITED LETTER OF EDWARD GIBBON.†

THE following is an inedited letter of the celebrated author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It is addressed to his friend M. D'Eyverdun, (who was at that time at Leipsig,) and has lately been found among a mass of papers in the house which M. D'Eyverdun possessed at Lausanne, and where Mr. Gibbon resided several years.

London, May 7th, 1776.

To M. D'Eyverdun, at Leipsig:

My long silence towards you has been occasioned (if I have properly analyzed what has lately passed in my mind) by different reasons. During the summer there was indolence and procrastination; since the opening of Parliament the necessity of finishing my book, and at the same time of subduing America. I have been involved in a multitude of public, private, and literary business, such as I had

\* The writer is in earnest; this is a true story.—Ed.

† Found amongst the papers of the late H. Evans Lloyd, Esq., of Charterhouse Square.



never experienced in the whole course of my life. The materials of my correspondence have gradually accumulated, and, despairing of being able to say anything, I have wisely finished by saying nothing. Meantime it is not necessary to inform my dear reader that I love him just as much as if I had written to him every week.

Where, then, shall I begin this letter? Can this question be put to a man who has just published his book? I shall speak of myself, and I shall enjoy the pleasure which renders the conversation of friends so delightful—the pleasure of talking of one's self with somebody who will take an interest in the subject. It is true I should greatly prefer conversing with you, walking backwards and forwards in my library, where I could, without blushing, make to you all the confessions which my vanity might prompt. But at this lamentable distance from London to Leipsig we cannot do without a confidant, and the paper might one day disclose the little secrets which I am obliged to confide to you.

You know that the first volume of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* has had the most complete success, and the most flattering to the author. But I must take up the matter a little further back. I do not know whether you recollect that I had agreed with my bookseller for an edition of 500 copies. This was a very moderate number; but I wished to learn the taste of the public, and to reserve to myself the opportunity of soon making, in a second edition, all the changes which the observations of critics and my own reflections might suggest. We had come, perhaps, to the twenty-fifth sheet, when my publisher and my printer, men of sense and taste, began to perceive that the work in question might be worth something, and that the said 500 copies would not suffice for the demands of the British readers. They stated their reasons to me, and very humbly, but very earnestly, begged me to permit 500 more to be printed. I yielded to their entreaties, not, however, without fearing that the younger brothers of my numerous family might be condemned to an inglorious old age, in the obscurity of some warehouse. Meantime the printing went on; and, in spite of paternal affection, I sometimes cursed the attention which I was obliged to pay to the education of my children, to cure them of the little defects which the negligence of their preceptors had suffered to pass without correcting them.

At length, in the month of February, I saw the decisive hour arrive, and I own to you that it was not without some sort of uneasiness. I knew that my book was good, but I would have had it excellent; I could not rely on my own judgment, and I feared that of the public—that tyrant who often destroys in an instant the fruit of ten years' labor. At length, on the 16th of February, I gave myself to the universe, and the universe—that is to say, a small number of English readers—received me with open arms. In a fortnight the whole edition was so completely exhausted that not a single copy was left. Mr. Cadell (my publisher) proposed to me to publish a second edition of 1000 copies, and in a few days he saw reason to beg me to allow him to print 1500 copies. It will appear at the beginning of next month; and he already ventures to promise me that it will be sold before the end of the year, and that he shall be obliged to importune me a third time. The volume—a handsome quarto—costs a guinea in boards; it has sold, as

my publisher expresses it, like a sixpenny pamphlet on the affairs of the day.

I have hitherto contented myself with stating the fact, which is the least equivocal testimony in favor of the *History*. It is said that a horse alone does not flatter kings when they think fit to mount him; might we not add, that the bookseller is the only person who does not flatter authors when they take it into their heads to appear in print! But you conceive that from a small number of eager readers one always finds means to catch praises, and for my part, I own to you that I am very fond of these praises; those of women of rank, especially when they are young and handsome, though not of the greatest weight, amuse me infinitely. I have had the good fortune to please some of these persons, and the ancient *History* of your learned friend has succeeded with them like a fashionable novel. Now hear what Robertson says in a letter which was not designed to fall into my hands:—

I have read (says he) Mr. Gibbon's *History* with great attention, and with singular pleasure. It is a work of great merit. We find in it that sagacity of research, without which an author does not merit the name of an historian. His narrative is clear and interesting; his style is elegant and vigorous, sometimes rather too labored, and, perhaps, studied: but these defects are amply compensated by the beauty of the language, and sometimes by a rare felicity of expression.

Now listen attentively to poor David Hume:—

After having read with impatience and avidity the first volume of your *History*, I feel the same impatience to thank you for your interesting present; and to express to you the satisfaction which this production has afforded me, under the several points of view, of the dignity of the style, the extent of your researches, the profound manner in which the subject is treated. This work is entitled to the highest esteem. You will feel pleasure, as I do myself, from hearing that all the men of letters in this city (Edinburgh) agree in admiring your work, and in desiring the continuation of it.

Do you know, too, that the Tacitus and Livy of Scotland have been useful to me in more ways than one! Our good English folk had long lamented the superiority which these historians had acquired; and as national prejudices are kept up at a small expense, they have eagerly raised their unworthy countryman by their acclamations to a level with these great men. Besides, I have had the good fortune to avoid the shoal which is the most dangerous in this country. A historian is always to a certain degree a political character, and every reader according to his private opinion seeks in the most remote ages the sentiments of the historian upon kings and governments. A minister, who is a great friend to the prerogatives of the crown, has complimented me on my having everywhere professed the soundest doctrines.

Mr. Walpole on the other hand, and my Lord Camden, both partisans of liberty, and even of a republic, are persuaded that I am not far from their ideas. This is a proof, at least, that I have observed a fair neutrality.

Let us now look at the reverse of the medal, and inspect the means which Heaven has thought fit to employ to humble my pride. Would you think, my dear sir, that injustice has been carried so far as to attack the purity of my faith? The cry of the bishops, and of a great number of ladies equally

respectable for their age and understanding, has been raised against me. It has been maintained, that the last two chapters of my pretended *History* are only a satire on the Christian religion—a satire the more dangerous as it is concealed under a veil of moderation and impartiality; and that the emissary of Satan, after having long amused his readers with a very agreeable tale, insensibly leads them into the infernal snare. You perceive all the horror of this accusation, and will easily understand that I shall oppose only a respectful silence to the clamors of my enemies.

And the Translation! Will you soon cause me to be read and burnt in the rest of Europe! After a short suspension, the reasons for which it is useless to detail, I recommenced sending the sheets as they issued from the press. They went regularly by way of Göttingen, where M. Sprengel has, doubtless, taken care to forward them to you; so that the whole of the English original must have been long since in your hands. What use have you made of it! Is the translation finished! When and where do you intend it shall appear! I cannot help fearing accidents that may have happened by the way, and still more apprehending your indolence or forgetfulness; and the more so, as I have learnt from several quarters that you are engaged in the translation of some German work. Notwithstanding my silence, you might have informed me of the state of things; at all events, you have not a moment to lose, for the Duke de Choiseul, who is quite delighted with my work, has signified to Mr. Walpole his intentions to have it translated as soon as possible. I believe I have put a stop to this design, by assuring him that your translation was in the press at Leipzig; but we cannot long answer for events, and it would be equally unpleasant to be anticipated by a *bel esprit* of Paris, or by a manœuvre of an Amsterdam bookseller.

This is a pretty decent letter; I know, however, that you ought not to give me credit for it, because it is all about myself. I have a thousand other things to tell you, and as many questions to ask you. Depend on another letter in a week. Fear nothing, I swear by holy friendship; and my oath will not remain without effect.

Ever yours,  
ED. GIBSON.

From the Eclectic Review.

*Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey.* By ELLIS and ACTON BELL. A New Edition; with a Biographical Notice of the Authors, a Selection from their Literary Remains, and a Preface. By CURRER BELL. Pp. 504. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE purpose dealing rather with the Biographical Notice prefixed to this volume, than with the two works which it contains. There are various reasons for this. It is sufficient to say that the former interests us deeply, which the latter do not; and that the present is its first appearance, whereas the *Fictions* it prefaces are already somewhat known to the public. Not that we shall wholly omit to record our judgment, more particularly on "Wuthering Heights;" but our special business is with the "Notice" now supplied by Currer, rather than with the productions of Ellis and Acton Bell. Our readers are, doubtless, aware of the questions which have been raised respecting the authorship of "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley," with that of their predecessors reprinted in the volume on our table. Whether

these works were the productions of a gentleman or a lady, and whether their authorship was single or threefold, have been mooted with considerable interest in some literary circles, and have sometimes been pronounced on with a dogmatism which would have been amusing, had it not indicated a sad lack of modesty and intelligence. Though the internal evidence of the works is strongly favorable to the hypothesis of a female authorship, there is, nevertheless, a certain masculine air about their style, a repudiation of conventionalisms, and a bold, nervous, cast of thought and action, which suggests the presence of the other sex. Slight inaccuracies in some matters of female dress are, moreover, alleged in proof of their being the production of a masculine pen.

These considerations, however, avail little against the general complexion and air of the works in question. It appears to us impossible to read them without feeling that their excellencies and faults, their instinctive attachments and occasional exaggerations, the depth of their tenderness and their want of practical judgment, all betoken the authorship of a lady. In their perusal, we are in the company of an intelligent, free-spoken, and hearty woman, who feels deeply, can describe with power, has seen some of the rougher sides of life, and, though capable of strong affection, is probably wanting in the "sweet attractive grace" which Milton so beautifully ascribes to Eve.

As to the other point which had been mooted, it is marvellous, we confess, that a doubt should ever have existed. That either of the works now before us should be attributed to the same writer as "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley," is one of the strangest blunders of criticism with which we ever met. It is true there is talent in them, and that, too, of an order—we refer more particularly to "Wuthering Heights"—similar in its general character to what those works display. Yet the points of distinction are numerous, and of a character which ought to have precluded doubt. But we may now dispense with conjecture, for one of the sisterhood has kindly withdrawn the curtain, and invited us to look upon the *terra incognita* about which we have been contending. The revelation is deeply, yet painfully, interesting. The scene we behold, though partially illumined, is shaded by some deep clouds. We hear sighs and groans, look upon faded forms and weeping eyes, and turn from the spectacle with a painful conviction that sorrow, in some form or other, is the heritage of man. Well, be it so. The mystery of life will soon be disclosed, and we shall then see the intimate connection that subsists between the afflictions of this world and the higher and nobler interests of the human soul.

About five years since, Currer Bell and her two sisters—for we doubt not that Currer is a lady, though she does not plainly say so—after a long separation were reunited at home. They resided in a remote northern district, and were entirely dependent on each other and on books "for the enjoyments and occupations of life." In the autumn of 1845, a volume of poetry in the handwriting of one of the sisters was accidentally discovered, which, being approved, Currer Bell informs us, "My younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses too had a sweet, sincere pathos of their own." What followed will be best told in the writer's own words:

We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistency; it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. A verse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called “feminine”—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward, a flattery which is not true praise.

The bringing out of our little book was hard work. As was to be expected, neither we nor our poems were at all wanted; but for this we had been prepared at the outset; though inexperienced ourselves, we had read the experience of others. The great puzzle lay in the difficulty of getting answers of any kind from the publishers to whom we applied. Being greatly harassed by this obstacle, I ventured to apply to the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, for a word of advice; they may have forgotten the circumstance, but I have not, for from them I received a brief and business-like, but civil and sensible reply, on which we acted, and at last made a way.

The book was printed; it is scarcely known, and all of it that merits to be known are the poems of Ellis Bell. The fixed conviction I held, and hold, of the worth of these poems, has not, indeed, received the confirmation of much favorable criticism; but I must retain it notwithstanding.—P. ix.

This is perfectly natural, and we do not find fault with it. Authors profess vast deference to critics and the public, yet contrive to retain a good opinion of their own productions, though the former may condemn, and the latter neglect, them. The ill-success of the sisters did not consequently crush hope. Their effort to succeed had aroused faculties of which they were previously unconscious, and the mere exercise of these faculties ministered delight infinitely superior to the frivolous and evanescent enjoyments of the gay. They resolved, therefore, to persevere, and each set vigorously to work at the production of a prose tale. Ellis Bell wrote “Wuthering Heights,” Acton Bell “Agnes Grey,” and Currer a narrative, the title of which is not given. These manuscripts were offered to various publishers, but their usual fate was “an ignominious and abrupt dismissal.” Still the sisters persevered, and the issue is thus narrated:—

At last “Wuthering Heights” and “Agnes Grey” were accepted on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors; Currer Bell’s book found acceptance nowhere, nor any acknowledgment of merit, so that something like the chill of despair began to invade his heart. As a forlorn hope, he tried one publishing house more—Messrs. Smith and Elder. Ere long, in a much shorter space than that on which experience had taught him to calculate—there came a letter, which he opened in the dreary expectation of finding two hard, hopeless lines, intimating that Messrs. Smith and Elder were not disposed to publish the MS., and, instead, he took out of the envelope a letter of two pages. He read it trembling. It declined, indeed, to publish that tale, for business reasons, but it discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerately, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author

better than a vulgarly-expressed acceptance would have done. It was added, that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention.

I was then just completing “Jane Eyre,” at which I had been working while the one volume tale was plodding its weary round in London; in three weeks I sent it off; friendly and skilful hands took it in. This was in the commencement of September, 1847; it came out before the close of October following, while “Wuthering Heights” and “Agnes Grey,” my sisters’ works, which had already been in the press for months, still lingered under a different management.—Pp. 10, 11.

“Jane Eyre” was instantaneously popular; but not so the productions of Ellis and Acton Bell. We are not surprised at this. The fact is easily solved. A single perusal of the three will explain the mystery. The successful work was attractive as well as talented, while “Wuthering Heights”—we know little of “Agnes Grey”—is one of the most repellent books we ever read. With all its talent—and it has much—we cannot imagine its being read through from any fascination in the tale itself. The powers it displays are not only premature, but are misdirected. The characters sketched are, for the most part, dark and loathsome, while a gloomy and sombre air rests on the whole scene, which renders it anything but pleasing. But to our narrative. “Neither Ellis nor Acton allowed herself, for one moment, to sink under want of encouragement; energy nerved the one, and endurance upheld the other. They resolved on another trial—Hope and the sense of power were yet strong within them.” But a fearful change was at hand. Their domestic circle was obtruded on by one whose might they could not resist. In the midst of labor their strength failed them:—

My sister Emily, (says Currer Bell,) first declined. The details of her illness are deep-branded in my memory, but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of truth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; on the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render.

Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19, 1848.

We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other’s fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly



believed, that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849.—Pp. xiii—xv.

Such, in brief, is the sorrowful tale unfolded in this biographical notice. It has much literary interest, but to us it is yet far more interesting in the picture it exhibits of domestic harmony and love, broken in upon and shaded by the presence of "the king of terrors." Such scenes are of frequent occurrence, though it rarely happens that a sisterhood is linked by such mental sympathies and literary engagements as distinguished Ellis, Acton, and Currer Bell. May the survivor combine, with her intellectual occupations, the faith and devotion which stand in intimate connexion with "joys unspeakable and divine!"

Of "Wuthering Heights" we must say a word before closing. We have already indicated our opinion; but it is due to our readers and to ourselves that we should state somewhat more fully the grounds of our judgment. That the work has considerable merit we admit. The scenery is laid in the North, the bleak, moorish, wild, character of which is admirably preserved. Ellis Bell was evidently attached to her native hills. She was at home amongst them; and there is, therefore, a vividness and graphic power in her sketches which present them actually before us. So far we prefer no complaint, but the case is different with the *dramatis personæ*. Such a company we never saw grouped before; and we hope never to meet with its like again. Heathcliff is a perfect monster, more demon than human. Hindley Earnshaw is a besotted fool, for whom we scarce feel pity; while his son Hareton is at once ignorant and brutish, until, as by the wand of an enchanter, he takes polish in the last scene of the tale, and retires a docile and apt scholar. The two Catherine's, mother and daughter, are equally exaggerations, more than questionable in some parts of their procedure, and absurdly unnatural in the leading incidents of their life. Isabella Linton is one of the silliest and most credulous girls that fancy ever painted; and the enduring affection and tenderness of her brother Edgar are so exhibited as to produce the impression of a feeble rather than of a virtuous character. Of the minor personages we need say nothing, save that, with slight exceptions, they are in keeping with their superiors.

As the characters of the tale are unattractive, so the chief incidents are sadly wanting in probability. They are devoid of truthfulness, are not in harmony with the actual world, and have, therefore, but little more power to move our sympathies than the romances of the middle ages, or the ghost stories which made our granddames tremble.

From Household Words.

#### SAINT VALENTINE.

I THINK if old Saint Valentine but knew  
The way his fête day now's commemorated;  
And if the strange productions met his view  
That fill our picture-shops, at any rate he'd  
Be much amused, and, no doubt, marvel too,  
At fame he surely scarce anticipated—  
A fame as great as any of the sages  
Of Greece, or Rome, or of the Middle Ages.

I wonder what his saintship had to do

With flaming hearts, or with the cooing dove,  
With little bows and arrows, and the true  
Entangled lover's knot (fit type of love);  
With chubby, flying Cupids, peeping through  
The leaves of roses, or through clouds above,  
Daintily sketched on paper, with lace edges,  
To be perhaps of timid love the pledges.

The Sacred Nine, by many a youthful poet,  
Are now invoked, and many a wasted quire  
Of cream-laid note-paper will serve to show it,  
Covered with scraps of wild poetic fire,  
And bursts of eloquence! No doubt you know it,  
By observation, or experience dire.  
What crooked stanzas will be perpetrated  
By bards and rhymesters uninitiated!

They'll scarce improve upon the doggerel verse,  
That tells of "roses red and violets blue;"  
And ends by saying, in a style most terse,  
That the "carnation's sweet, and so are you."  
I have seen modern rhymes that are much worse,  
But then I have seen better, it is true;  
Exquisite songs and sonnets bright and pure,  
The gems of minstrelsy and literature.

How many hearts are throbbing with emotion,  
How many eyes are sparkling with love-light,  
As loving words are read; and what commotion  
When postmen knock! What ill-concealed delight,  
When these mysterious tokens of devotion,  
Tinted and scented, meet the dear one's sight!  
But I'm on dangerous ground and rather blundering,  
So I'll return to where I left off wondering.

Wondering about Saint Valentine's connection  
With all this sort of thing so unmonastic,  
Suggesting something like a dereliction  
From the prescribed high roads ecclesiastic,  
'T would seem his heart was in the wrong direction,  
And for an ancient bishop far too plastic;  
He's certainly the Cupid of Theology,  
Rivalling the rosy boy of Old Mythology.

Perhaps he had a taste for wedding-cake,  
Or orange blossoms in a white chip bonnet;  
Perhaps the marriage fees he liked to take;  
At least he never did (depend upon it)  
Treat marriage like St. Paul, who seemed to make  
A point of throwing ice-cold water on it.  
I wonder whether, too, he wrote epistles,  
Or spent his time illuminating missals?

If he did write at all, it was a lecture  
On love I think, or something of the kind;  
And much less calculated to correct your  
Follies and foibles, than distract your mind;  
But this is only founded on conjecture,  
For not a line of his can I yet find,  
Though I have searched through many darksome pages  
Of the Church History of the Middle Ages.

And there I read, that in the eternal city,  
Now nearly one thousand six hundred years ago,  
Saint Valentine, the subject of my ditty,  
Was doomed to death by Claudius Caesar—so  
Our saint was martyred!—what a dreadful pity!  
What it was for, I don't exactly know,  
(He did n't know perhaps); indeed his history  
Remains to me a most intricate mystery.

Long live thy mem'ry, great St. Valentine!  
Still lend thy ancient name to lovers' lays,  
And with thy spirit animate each line,  
And still may poets celebrate thy praise,  
And yearly help to make that name of thine  
"Familiar in our mouths," as Shakespeare says,  
"As Household Words."—(This wish is loyal too,  
For Valentines increase the revenue.)

From Chambers' Journal, 1 March.

## SCIENTIFIC NEWS.

THERE is an item current not uninteresting to providers of literature—namely, a new printing machine, the work of a man at Providence, Rhode Island. The paper, instead of being laid on in separate sheets, is wound in a huge roll, of thousands of yards, if desired; and, after passing under and over the printing cylinders, is cut off in sheets, and folded at the rate of 20,000 an hour, by the sole operation of the machinery. The press, it is said, does everything except put on the rolls of paper, and carry away the finished sheets; and this part of the work can be performed by one pair of hands. Another American invention is also talked about: Professor Page, whose investigations I mentioned in my last, now states: "I have just completed a grand experiment with a huge iron bar and helix, with the following results:—The bar, weighing 532 pounds, placed within the helix, is made to start up in the coil, and vibrate in the air without visible support. It requires a force of 508 pounds additional to its own weight to pull it out of the helix, so that it is equivalent to lifting a bar in the helix of 1040 pounds weight. After this it would seem quite easy to sustain masses of iron weighing many tons. The full time required to charge this magnet, and raise the galvanic current to its maximum, is two seconds. Nine tenths of the charge is attained in one second." Let steam-workers look to it—a power, which may some day be formidable, is growing into strength and activity.

Beyond the Atlantic, however, is not the only region of ingenuity; the envelope machine, of which I told you some time ago as having been exhibited at Birmingham, so simple in principle, and rapid in execution—the folds being laid by a blast of air—is now fully at work in the establishment of one of our chief city stationers. Twenty thousand envelopes are tossed off daily with the greatest ease, and cheapness is not to be the only acceptable result of celerity in production. Then, looking across the channel, we find Monsieur Faye, the astronomer, entertaining the Académie with an "apparatus for sounding at great depths"—a scheme of far greater utility than would appear at first sight. Those who have read accounts of voyages of discovery, will remember how much time and labor have been occupied in taking soundings in mid-ocean; one hundred men being sometimes engaged for half a day in hauling up the line and weight; and, in certain cases, where delay was prejudicial, the whole has been abandoned at considerable loss. M. Faye proposes to use a cylinder of sheet-iron or copper, which will "measure the vertical depth, determine the rate and direction of currents, supposing these elements known for the surface, the temperature of the water at the bottom, or at different depths, and bring up water from different depths in order to the study of its composition." "The instrument," he observes, "provides for the resolution of these questions. No cord is needed, it being unnecessary that the crew should exhaust their strength in hauling up; for it ascends of itself, either after having touched the bottom, or after descending to a depth determined beforehand. It brings up all the requisite indications of the vertical space gone through, also of the amount and direction of the horizontal space; and, if lost by accident, the loss in no case will exceed 400 or 500 francs."

The proposed cylinder, of whichever metal, is to be about three feet in height and four inches diam-

eter, and filled with a liquid specifically lighter than water. A small orifice in the lower end admits of a due balance taking place between the inner and outer pressure. Two cannon-balls, attached by cords to two movable pins, serve to sink it; and no sooner does it strike the bottom than the pins are released, the weights remain below, while the cylinder rises to the surface in consequence of its specific levity. By means of a simple wheel-work, whose rate is known, the weights may be detached at any required depth, as surely as at the bottom. The horizontal movement is to be verified by placing a mark at the spot where the cylinder plunged, and observing the distance at which it rises; and in this particular also the amount for different depths may be ascertained. For bringing up water, a small bucket is attached, inverted, and with cocks open during the descent; but as soon as the weights fall off, the cocks close, the bucket turns over, and comes up with its contents. Besides these purposes, it is obvious that, by attaching self-registering thermometers, the temperature at any depth may be known. Such an instrument as this will be eminently useful to navigators; and now that the physical condition of the earth is so much an object of study, an easy means of sounding the depths of the ocean will be of not less utility to the natural philosopher.

Next, I may tell you that Becquerel has been making "researches into the causes of the disengagement of electricity in plants"—a subject which, as you know, has engaged attention in several quarters. Wartmann of Lausanne has worked out some important conclusions, which support those of the French philosopher. The latter states, as the result of his labors, "that in the act of vegetation the earth receives continually an excess of positive electricity, the parenchyma and part of the lignum an excess of negative electricity, which is transmitted to the air by the exhalation of the watery vapors."

"The leaves behave in the same way as the parenchyma of the bark—namely, that the sap which circulates in their tissues is negative with respect to the fluids, the medulla, and the earth, and positive with regard to the cambium."

"There is no room to doubt that chemical actions are the primary causes of the electrical effects observed in vegetables."

"The opposite electrical states of plants and of the earth lead to the belief that by reason of the power of vegetation on several parts of the globe, they should exercise a certain influence on the electrical phenomena of the atmosphere." Thus you will perceive, from these brief particulars, that the question is one which embraces a wide range, comprehending some phenomena of botany and meteorology, rich in their promise of discovery. It is one that we shall hear more of before long.

Writing the terms meteorology and botany reminds me of two or three scraps of talk therewith connected. One is, that according to Mr. Glaisher, the temperature of the last quarter of 1850 was higher than that of the previous 79 years. The same three months were more than usually foggy, there having been 69 days on which more or less fog prevailed. Another, that the climate of New Zealand has changed for the better since the earthquake of last year—that is, as regards agriculture and general convenience; but as regards health it is worse; for coughs, colds, and fevers—which prior to the convulsion were extremely rare—are now widely prevalent. The third is, that although African teak has long been used for naval purposes in our dock-yards, our botanists have been unable to determine

to what family it belonged, as no leaves or flowers, the distinguishing signs, had been brought to this country. Lately, however, at the instance of Sir W. Hooker, a gentleman at Sierra Leone, to which colony the wood is conveyed in logs, has sent over some of the fruit as well as flowers, and by means of these the tree is now classed among the euphorbiaceae. A cubic foot of the wood weighs from 60 to 70 pounds, being from 20 to 30 pounds heavier than a similar bulk of Indian teak or British oak.

M. Chas. Mène, of the Académie, has been making some rather remarkable experiments "on the influence of gypsum (sulphate of lime) in vegetation." He filled two zinc boxes with the gypsum, and sowed grass in the one and wheat in the other. The plants grew luxuriantly, but, instead of ripening, gradually withered. He then filled the same cases with a mixture, half gypsum, half argillaceous earth; the result of the sowing was more favorable, but not equal to that obtained from ordinary soil. The experiment was next varied by filling the boxes with common manure, and covering it with a thin layer, about half an inch, of gypsum, and putting in the seeds as before. "At the end of two weeks," says M. Mène, "the plants had become developed with an astonishing growth, and arrived at perfect maturity and extraordinary beauty." One day, as he was examining them, he chanced to spill a small quantity of chlorhydric acid into one of the boxes; an effervescence took place, which set him thinking of cause and effect, the result of which was that he used no more of the sulphate of lime, but sowed the seeds in humus, and watered them with solutions of sulphuric, chlorhydric, azotic, and acetic acids, of sulphates of iron, potash, and magnesia, of chloride of manganese, and azotate and phosphate of soda. The grass grew in perfection, and in the liquid drainage from the bottom of the cases ammoniacal salts were found in a fixed state, or at least not volatile in ordinary temperatures. From all of which the experimenter infers "that plaster (gypsum) in itself has no fecundating power, and alone, cannot serve as a fertilizer. That it has no properties useful to agriculture, except inasmuch as it is combined with ammoniacal substances, in which case there is a double decomposition, and the ammonia is, as it were, stored up (*emmagasiné*) for the requirements of the plant; and that any salt which retains ammonia in a form not volatile at ordinary temperatures, may be substituted for the plaster."

"These experiments," continues M. Mène, "were made in my grounds at Vaugirard on a small scale, and all succeeded. There now remains but to make the trial on a greater scale; and I hope this year to show to the admiration of the promenaders at Vaugirard more than one field whose vegetation shall be active and extraordinary, thanks to each one of the salts above mentioned."

The Académie have recently made a distribution of prizes: out of the fund set apart for essays on the rendering insalubrious arts or trades less injurious, 500 francs each were awarded to Messrs. Mallet and Cavaillon, "for their processes for the purification of gas for burning;" and 1000 francs to M. Hurteaux for his work on the diseases produced by the manipulation of tobacco. Another thousand were given for improvements in the manufacture of artificial limbs. Of prizes in prospect, the gold medal, worth 3000 francs, is offered for a "study of the laws of the distribution of fossil organized bodies in the different sedimentary strata, following the order of the superposition; and an examination

of the nature of the relations which exist between the present and the former state of the organic kingdom." "Comparative embryology" is to be the subject of another prize; there are two or three in mathematics, and one in which the author is "to establish the equations of the general movements of the atmosphere, having regard to the rotation of the earth, the calorific action of the sun, and to the attractive forces of the sun and moon." This for 1854. Then besides all these there is an extraordinary prize of 6000 francs for 1853, "for the best work or memoir on the most advantageous employment of steam in the propelling of ships, and on the system of mechanism and fixing, of stowage and armament, to be preferred for this class of constructions." Solid work and solid rewards here for somebody.

Projectors are still tormenting the Academicians with plans for aërostation. M. Arago has given a reply to these gentlemen which may suit schemers in other parts of the world. He states that, some sixty years ago, a M. Meusnier, of the school of Metz, wrote a treatise on the subject, which has never been printed. "There might be," he adds, "some benefit in publishing it, were it but to prove to those who fancy they have discovered new means of aerial locomotion, that, whatever of plausible or reasonable may be found in their ideas, was perfectly known, explained, and appreciated in the last century."

Apropos of Arago; he is still working on to completion with his researches in photometry, for which, as I told you a month or two since, the Royal Society awarded him their Rumford Medal. The celebrated Frenchman has acknowledged the honor in a letter to the secretaries, which will well bear reproduction. "My age," he writes, "my bad health, the deplorable state of my eyes, and the part I was obliged to take in the events of which my country was the theatre after February 24, 1848, had led me to suppose that I had entered on that period of life wherein nothing can produce a lively impression. Your letter has undeceived me. The news that the Royal Society have been pleased to award to me the Rumford Medal, has filled me with joy. Pray be the interpreter of my unalterable gratitude to our honorable confrères; say to them, especially, that their indulgence will make me redouble my efforts, so that those of my labors which remain to be published may not be unworthy the favor of which I have been the object."

From the Morning Chronicle.

#### THE PANORAMAS, &c.

LAST season introduced the panoramic mania, and peopled the exhibition rooms of London with monster representations of half the most celebrated countries and noted rivers of the world. The great success of some of the leading pictures, and the general favor extended to the whole race ending in *rama*, will probably ripen into a most astonishing harvest of exhibitions of the kind for the coming season. We could, in fact, name a dozen, not yet publicly announced, but still in active progress; and the result will probably be, that, from whatever quarter of the globe our expected visitors may come, they will each and all find waiting them in London some pictorial reminiscence of home. In the mean time a goodly collection of works of art of the kind in question have managed, with more or less success, to weather the dull months just gone by, and to convey pleasant impressions of foreign lands to



tarry-at-home travellers. Mr. Brees' New Zealand pictures, in the Strand, are vividly and dashing painted, with a good feeling for the requirements of bird's-eye views, and a knack of imparting to the spectator an excellent idea of the lie of the principal bays, harbors, and towns of these glorious islands of the southern hemisphere. Mr. Burford's panoramas, like good wine, require no bush. Two more striking pictures than the Arctic Summer and Winter have never been exhibited in London. On the other side of Leicester Square, at the Western Literary Institution, a subject of the same kind, a series of polar dissolving views, is being exhibited, accompanied by a plain and sensible lecture on polar phenomena. The main matter of illustration is the voyage of the Intrepid and Investigator. The dioramic effects capable of being introduced by dissolving view mechanism suit polar subjects well. The curious atmospheric appearances, the aurora, the ice blink, and so forth, are thus exhibited very effectively. In the Portland Rooms, in Regent street, a neatly and carefully-painted picture of Indian scenery is on view. The representation begins with a series of bird's-eye views of Calcutta, supposed to be taken from the summit of Sir David Auchterlony's monument; and then the spectators are led inland through the stupendous natural scenery and ancient native cities of the Peninsula. Nearly opposite is the Polyorama, with a series of pictures from Constantinople and the Bosphorus, the features and the localities intelligently explained. Turning westward, we have the Egyptian Hall, with its two panoramas, portraying the East and the West, the essentially Old World and the essentially New one. In one room, California, in its Hercules-like infancy—in the other, Egypt, lone, dead, and mystic. Fremont's Overland Route to the Gold Country is a curious and characteristic picture; and the Panorama of the Nile, roughly as it is painted, possesses not a little of the Oriental spirit and true *couleur locale* which, apropos of the East, we have only recently managed to catch up. The pictures in the Regent street Gallery of Illustration are the most ambitious, and possess the greatest claims to artistic excellence in every department of the whole series. The very successful "Overland Route" is still open, and, in an adjacent room, "Our Native Land," with its dainty groups and landscapes, attracts multitudes of daily admirers. The intelligent foreigners, by whom London will shortly be crowded, should have their attention directed to this picture, as a series of representations, poetic in conception, artistic in execution, and deeply, and thoroughly, and earnestly, national.

From the Spectator, 1 March.

#### TERMINATION OF THE RUSSELL MINISTRY.

THE termination of the Russell ministry of 1846 is in perfect keeping with its antecedents. It came into office by taking a shabby advantage of the vindictive feelings which Sir Robert Peel had excited in the breasts of the protectionists when he acted upon the principles to which its members professed to be devoted. It came into office on false pretences; encouraging the delusive belief that it was to be a ministry of progress, whereas every advance it has made has been tardy and under compulsion. The only real extension of the Peel commercial policy it has effected is the repeal of the navigation-

laws; and that measure it clogged with a multiplicity of petty pedantic appendices, that have at this moment brought all the sailors of all the outports into a state of mutiny. The languid efforts to improve the administration of domestic affairs have been attended with results absolutely disgraceful. It has made no real progress in national education; and the various commissions for improving the sanitary police of towns have become a by-word. Ireland has been the best and worst ground; the famine was providently anticipated by Peel; the whigs added it to their grand excuses for indifferent administration; the encumbered estates act is working good; the ecclesiastical bill is breeding rebellion. With respect to the financial operations of the Russell ministry, it is enough to say that the fatal budget of 1851 is not one iota more crude or ridiculous than the budget of three editions in 1849, or the stamp-act revision in 1850. The colonial policy has been hypocritical and mischievous. In this department something was expected from Lord John Russell and Earl Grey; but their first step was to neutralize Mr. Charles Buller, who was ultimately driven to take refuge in the poor-law board, where he did accomplish some good. All projected improvements in emigration and colonization have, one after another, been abandoned; and the knotty question of convict transportation has been rendered more hopeless of solution than ever. Their career has been tracked by incendiary riots at Montreal; by a successful passive resistance at the Cape; by the organization of an anti-convict league throughout Australia; by insurrections in the Ionian Islands and Ceylon, suppressed by acts of cruelty not surpassed in Italy or Hungary. The scandalous trickery and intrigue which enabled them, by packing and misleading a parliamentary committee, to evade the exposure of the Ceylon atrocities, has cast a stigma on the character of the imperial legislature. The foreign policy of the Russell administration has been equally discreditable. It coquetted with the European revolution of 1848 sufficiently to irritate the despotic powers, and abandoned to their fate the insurgents whom it encouraged and compromised. While quailing before every government that presented the slightest show of strength, it bullied the insignificant monarchy of Greece with a ludicrously disproportionate display of force; and, in prosecution of that solemn and costly sham the suppression of the slave-trade, it has violated the law of nations in the waters of Brazil. Holding office from the beginning on the mere tenure of sufferance, it has constantly been provoking the parliamentary majority to crush it; a fate it repeatedly escaped by the generous protection of the statesman it insidiously supplanted. And, within a few months of his decease, when his strong arm and clear head were no longer present to arrest and save, it has committed *felix de se*. Its chief fancied he could obtain an easy triumph over the Roman Catholics of England; forgetting that the Irish were sure to make common cause with them, and that by the management of his viceroy that body was one main source of his strength. When he felt the ground giving way beneath his feet, he clung in desperation to the subterfuge of once more emitting a vague promise of some future extension of the suffrage; and, finding that the radicals thought "a bird in the hand worth two in the bush," like a spoiled child he threw up the game in a pet. From first to last, the Russell ministry of 1846 has maintained its character of an arrant sham.

From the Spectator.

#### LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

WHY has Lord John Russell wasted such noble opportunities, and sunk his political career in a failure so contrasted with his earlier successes; why, in spite of all that people have *thought* him to be, has he so overtly proved what he *is*? The question is to be solved by turning from the position of the man to his character.

By the facts shall you know its main features. It is impossible that those who are best acquainted with the man can be wholly mistaken, and there are traits which come out at times even publicly. In the picture drawn by his friends Lord John is of a kind and affectionate disposition, anxious to please and to be pleased, and proportionately beloved. This may seem incompatible with his coldness and hauteur to strangers, but such an inconsistency is not rare. Suppose his nature to need strictly *personal* relations in order to move his feelings, and you account at once for the fidelity to adherents which purchases him such a faithful retinue, and the total want of hearty people-loving liberality in his public conduct. He evinces an overweening value for his birth; he inherited certain "principles," and those he sustains as he would the untarnished honor of his escutcheon; his patriotism is intellectual and honorary, and is not animated by a stirring and deeply-moved regard for the multitude that lies in the wide field beyond his personal circle. He loves "his country;" but it is the country of history, not of the living souls that people it.

Lord John's intellect is cultivated, rather than naturally great; and the culture has tended rather to check positive errors than to impart positive power. Hence the discrepancy between Sydney Smith's famous saying, that he has audacity enough to take the command of the channel fleet at a moment's notice, and the faltering in his statesmanship. He wants political insight and foresight; his speeches are singular among those of their rank for barrenness of reasoning; he scarcely ever seems to know the drift and inevitable effect of his own measures; to this day he does not understand reform; every year exhibits an increasing want of clearness as to the real nature of his earliest idol, "religious liberty;" and he has just affronted that early idol by a bill which he excuses on the score that his views of Catholic emancipation were a mistake! Thus, when legislating for the future, he does not know whither he is going; and in spite of a personal courage which mayhap would lead him to the block with as cool an intrepidity as a William Russell, his statesmanship is dilatory, tentative, and helplessly timid.

Probably his education, which was peculiar, was not the happiest for his nature. Departing from the usual curriculum in which English youth of high family are trained, he was sent to Edinburgh; he lived in the house of Playfair, and was educated among the Scotch philosophers and whig literati. Hence an early disposition to literary rather than Oxford-bred habits; hence a negative liberalism, which may be taken as the English reflex of the dour scepticism that then distinguished the Scottish Athens. His birth sent him into Parliament as a matter of privilege; his literary training displayed itself about the same time in his essays on the constitution; he was a lion of the day, a hope of the whig party, a political descendant of Fox, his standard and model; the lead of the test and corporation act debating was placed in his care;

and from that time, not too well endowed with patrons in high places, the liberals played their game into his hands. They more than half made the man whom they erected into their idol; and they were solicitous not to discern how much of his successive lustres was borrowed. For it may be said that Lord John has originated nothing of the achievements connected with his name and career; the religious liberty crusade was a gift to his hands; free trade he took up after Peel; Mr. Ward gave him the appropriation-clause, not long since expressly abandoned; and when left to himself, he cried, like a fainting woman, "Support me!"—by the "pressure from without." This want of self-reliance in constructive acts partly explains that want of command over subordinates which left Foreign policy at the mercy of a Palmerston, Colonial of a Grey, Finance of a Wood; it explains his hankering to accept even something like Locke King's adverse motion, and to seek a budget among the slayers of Wood.

The political activity of Lord John Russell has passed—in action he has no future. His most philosophic views are retrospective—all contained within the constitutional range from the reign of Henry the Third to the reform bill. There, despite his repudiations of fiality, he stops; he does not perhaps *mean* to stop, but he does not see further. His repudiations are honest, but not the less false. The reform bill is still his future—as the widow dwells in the days of her courtship. Yet he will have his use.

Not of the kind projected for him by a writer in the *Morning Chronicle*—an imitation of Macaulay's retreat from active statesmanship to history. But the writer in the *Chronicle* had a purpose to serve; with a cleverness, painstaking, and malice, that remind us of the bitter political writing in vogue some thirty years ago, he drags from the shelves an early work by Lord John Russell, in order to damage and blacken his personal character. The *Nun of Arronca* is used to represent the fallen premier as the sentimentalist writer of a Portuguese *Welter*; the retrospective reviewer labors, with an outward manner of easy pleasantry, which ill disguises the unfair twisting, to hold up Lord John as a "green" romancist, and in morals a prototype of the modern French novelists. This is "too bad."

No—literature is not the ex-premier's vocation; neither is "progressive" statesmanship. Lord John has done his active work; his vocation henceforward is to repose amidst his order, or occasionally to don his hung-up arms in defence of "the ancient ways." Liberal in relation to the past, without tergiversation or backsliding, Lord John is tory in relation to the future; and we need not be very desponding of a future which has a John Russell instead of a Castlereagh for its tory type. He should be translated to the quiet of the upper house, there to sit and revise the acts of the commons—to delay, abate, and veto.

From the Spectator of 8 March.

#### RESULTS OF THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

It is not the opinion of competent judges that the Great Britain steamed out of Dundrum Bay in better condition than she went in; nor that upon the whole captains are justified by experience in running their ships aground in order to render them seaworthy. In nine cases out of ten, such an experiment would end luckily, if captain aforesaid could knock up a jury-mast, and crawl into the

nearest port, there to wait the pleasure of surveyor and carpenter, and the sentence of a court-martial. Lord John Russell, with that super-Nelsonic boldness which Sydney Smith predicated of him, has waited neither for carpenters, surveyors, nor court-martial, but, having run his ship aground, has quietly shoved her off again, and steered along his course rejoicing, as if nothing had happened, and the passengers had not been made aware of a leak in her timbers and a lamentable deficiency of steam power. In spite of the captain's imperturbable coolness, we will venture to assert that the passengers are aware of the leak, and of the necessity for new engines; and that if they consent to go the voyage, it is with the full determination to depose the commander and reinforce the crew at the end of it. To drop metaphor, Lord John has succeeded in securing his post for the session, at the expense of destroying what is his own party par excellence; and, inconvenient as it is to have the business of the legislature interrupted at the beginning of a session, this fact, along with other facts that last week's crisis has established, may be received as ample compensation for a considerable amount of annoyance and perplexity. It is really something for those who have long felt that the combination of gentlemen styling themselves "the leaders of the whig party" has obstructed the practical progress of the country, that these gentlemen have passed sentence of deposition on themselves. It is not left for us to characterize those who flee when no man pursueth. A party may recover a defeat—may even recover in consequence of a defeat; the mere act of vigorous resistance will brace up relaxed energies, concentrate scattered and disorganized forces, and win back forfeited sympathies; but a panic terror resulting from no cause but consciousness of incapacity—from a sense that adherents were falling away, and had good reason for so doing—an abandonment of the reins of government from sheer inability to hold them—for this there is no remedy; the only sentiments it inspires are indifference and contempt. A candle that is blown out may be lighted again; but what is to be done with one that has incontinently gone out? Salt is good, but if the salt have lost its savor wherewithal shall it be resalted? So, whatever be the ultimate result of the crisis, of which Lord John himself can scarcely suppose that we have seen more than the penultima, at any rate the whig party, with its old-world constitutional theories, its traditional personal preferences, its claptrap heritage and invocation of illustrious names, and its practical obstruction of large, bold, farsighted leg- adapted to present wants and commensura- present possibilities, may be said to have passed as an effective agent from the political scene. Henceforward, with its stateliness and its maxims, it may play chorus, and just for the present keep the audience amused while the real actors are donning the cothurn and the mask. It is, however, to be remembered, that the incompetence of a party by no means involves the incompetence of all the individuals who compose it; otherwise, it would be anything but satisfactory to be forced to recognize such incompetence. Our quarrel is with the whig leaders, that, having gained power by past services, they have shown an undue leaning towards the furtherance of party in preference to national interests; that they have displayed a jealousy of talent rather than an eagerness to welcome it to the service of the country, wherever its coöperation was to be obtained only on condition

of a step forward in legislation or a reform in administration; that in more than one appointment of great importance they have yielded to the lowest form of party-spirit, and have in consequence been compelled to throw the ægis of ministerial protection over reckless folly amounting to criminality; and that, while themselves unable or unwilling to frame practical measures to anticipate and guide the wishes of the people, they have stood in the way and paralyzed the efforts of men who could and would have seen the necessities of the times, and had boldness and wisdom to translate them into acts of Parliament. All this we attribute chiefly to the endurance of a party organization which originated in the circumstances of the past; and we rejoice at a state of things under which all that is vigorous and vital in the party which has just undergone virtual dissolution may disengage itself from what is effete and outworn, whether of men or of system, and may in new combinations enter upon a new career of activity and a grander epoch of political progress. This crisis of affairs has undoubtedly hastened the time, which cannot be far distant, when what is now actual agreement in principle and opinion shall ripen and be consolidated into official connexion and united action—when the statesmen who are least personally responsible for the errors and least personally identified with the misdeeds of the exhumed cabinet shall combine with the statesmen who shared the counsels and the sacrifices of him who was

The pillar of the nation's hope,  
The centre of the land's desire;

and present to the country, for the first time in our remembrance, a compact phalanx embracing all that there is among us of tried administrative ability in conjunction with legislative wisdom and personal distinction. In our opinion, the nation would have been compensated for the excitement and inconvenience of the last fortnight, had the only result been the certainty of the speedy union of all sections of the party of Progress to carry the state safely over the changes which are in action or rising hopefully in the near prospect.

It is a further gain of no slight importance, that the protectionist party has been tested and found wanting. Agricultural constituencies are not over sharpwitted, nor are country-gentlemen keenly sensible of the ridiculous, but neither can fail to perceive and feel the ludicrous discomfiture of last week, heightened as it was by the naive candor of Lord Stanley's parliamentary narrative, and his undisguised contempt for the administrative talents of the section which calls him leader. He recalls Rupert at Bristol more than the Rupert of the field; though the country is undoubtedly indebted to the discretion which was not heretofore deemed his better part of valor.

So much may safely be stated as the result of the crisis as it affects combinations of persons. In spite of the temporary resuscitation of the incapables, we may reckon that two great parties are by their own confession incompetent to carry on the government of the country. This simplifies the problem of the future marvellously, so far as the men are concerned.

But we should be disposed to place more stress upon the specific declarations that have been elicited from leading men. Lord John has finally renounced finality. Sir James Graham has pronounced that the time has come for an extension (and this involves a readjustment) of the suffrage. The income-



tax, though it may linger on through this parliament for purposes of revenue, has in its present iniquitous unfairness received the coup-de-grâce. Lord Stanley has declared that he will abandon the principle of protection if a protectionist majority be not returned at the next election; thus throwing his cause into the registration courts, and fairly submitting in prospective to the verdict of the people—releasing himself from the impracticable position of attempting to reverse an accomplished national decision. If all this is not progress, we know not what is. Much is clear and defined which before was vague and conjectural; words have been spoken which cannot be recalled; programmes have been issued which cannot be receded from; and the least progressive of those programmes is the most cheering pledge of progress. Not the least important result of this free outspokening is, that all Englishmen who are not mad must perceive, what this journal has constantly asserted, that all immediate legislation upon "the Papal Aggression" must be either ineffective or inconsistent with our established usage of tolerance—must be either ridiculous or unjust, and in either case impolitic. Lord Stanley's proposal of inquiry into the probable and possible results of the aggression, seems adapted to assuage the national anger, and secure us against the irreparable mischief of hasty, passionate, ill-considered legislation.

But our sum of results would be very incomplete were we to leave unnoticed what appears to us the most significant fact disclosed by the late events. Twenty years have passed since the reform bill was supposed to have thrown the preponderance of political power into the hands of the middle classes; the government has just gone begging, yet no attempt has been made by the party calling itself preëminently *popular* to seize the vacant reins, not even to put forward the faintest claim to share in the deserted functions and dignities of administration. Undue modesty is certainly not the cause of this singular phenomenon; nor has the aristocratic exclusiveness of the whig oligarchy very much to do with it; quite as little the often-alleged want of official experience. The truth must be told; our popular politicians are agitators rather than statesmen—ably and effectively following up one idea or plan of immediate practical interest, but not men of imperial minds—possessing neither the art nor the science of government. Indeed, they are often less than this—unpractical as well as narrow, theorists yet not philosophers, shallow yet not men of the world. The fault lies partly in themselves, partly in the constituencies; and each reacts on the other and propagates and increases the evil. In order to become popular, candidates will seize on some proposition which the multitude can comprehend and use as a party watchword, *dazzling and definite*, but based on no comprehensive *very large* knowledge of facts; to this they will irrevocably pledge themselves as though it were a principle—urge it as though the safety of the empire depended on its immediate adoption—denounce all those who would limit or retard it, as factious and oppressors—organize a party to give it importance and keep it before the public—make all facts, men, and times, bow to it. Then, when a crisis like the present leaves office open to him who can practically fill it—when the disorganization of parties gives golden opportunities to the real benefactor of his country—such men find, however great their talents, however unquestioned their

services, that this popular cry cannot be carried with them into office, and that they dare not go into office without it. Thus they are caught in their own devices, and fall into the pit they have dugged for others. Then, again, the great constituencies are spoiled by this process; are used to be petted, to have their wishes made the standard of political possibility, and are taught to look upon every one who opposes them as corrupt and interested. The result is, that such a man as Mr. Cobden can take no part in the administration, whose almost sole claim to popular sympathy is their adoption of the principle which is identified with his name; while such a man as Sir William Molesworth, distinguished for intellect and cultivation as well as honesty, is hooted, interrupted, and insulted by his Southwark constituents, for as manly, sensible, and temperate a speech as ever was made to a body of Englishmen. Till the people can bear to hear truth—and till their leaders will tell them the truth whether they bear it or not—neither the one nor the other must wonder or complain that experienced statesmen would rather compliment them than admit them to share and increase their official responsibilities. To check the national expenditure of shillings and pence, instead of directing the useful employment of national millions, is not an unpoetical retribution for fostering exaggerated notions and clinging to showy but impracticable crotchets. We wish the lesson may have its due effect. Our country's reputation as well as our public service would be doubly gainers, were talent, energy, and influence, now partially wasted or misused, directed to ends infinitely more noble, because possible, and capable of immediate or speedy attainment.

THE ASMONEAN is a weekly paper "devoted to the interests of the American Israelites." We have long intended to recommend it to our readers. It would supply important matter to clergymen, and to all others who feel an interest in our "Elder Brethren,"—"God's Ancient People,"—the children of Abraham,—with whose future destiny that of the whole human race is bound up.

Let us read what they say; and knowing them more we shall love them better, although we are the children of those who long treated them with injustice and cruelty.

We copy the following report as a specimen of the paper, and also to call attention to the lectures, with a hope that the course may be repeated.

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#### POST BIBLICAL HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

ON Monday evening, the 10th March, the first of a course of lectures on the above interesting topic was delivered at the Medical Hall, Crosby street, by the Rev. Dr. Raphall.\* The audience was numerous and highly respectable, and listened with the most devoted attention to the observations of the lecturer, who prefaced the subject matter by an elaborate introduction, setting forth the causes

\* A course of six lectures on the Post Biblical History of the Jews, will be delivered by the Rev. Morris J. Raphall, M. A. Ph. D., at the hall of the Medical College, Crosby st. near Spring, on the evening of Monday, March 10th, Thursday, March 29th, and Mondays and Thursdays following. Tickets for the course, \$2.00; may be obtained at the Booksellers, and of the Rev. Dr. Raphall, 100 McDougal st.

which impelled him to take up so arduous a task as clearing away the vast accumulation of calumnies and absurdities which had been heaped upon the Jews for so many centuries. He stated that the Jews were the "sole survivors of the real antiquity," and that the subject of his lectures was of the utmost importance to those who believe that the proper study of mankind is man. And if it be true, and it is true, that the noblest picture is that of a good man struggling against adversity, how much more worthy of study is this history of an entire people suffering for centuries and thousands of years under the iron arm of despotism, by their struggles of principle against prejudice; and still bearing onward the unstained standard of their faith, against the relentless pressure of folly, bigotry and fanaticism! Alluding to the fable of the lion and the painter, where the latter points out to the former a picture representing a hunter trampling upon a fallen lion, and applying the appropriate and significant reply of the latter: "We have no painters," to the position of the Jews in past times, he continued: It was a singular fact, that from Josephus, who wrote in Greek, about one hundred years after the Christian era, until Jost, who some ten years ago wrote in Germany, from the first to the nineteenth century, no Jewish historian wrote in any other than the Hebrew language. Thus the records of the people were not accessible to the Gentile. So that against one Milman, that nobly strove to write the truth, how many a Voltaire, a Basnage, an Eisenmenger, have sought to hide that truth by falsifying the page of history, and enlisting profundity of learning and power of research in the cause of prejudice and bigotry. Wherever civilization had shed its cheering rays, the Jew had either been its immediate forerunner or its close follower. Wherever commerce had spread her beneficent sails, the Jew was found ready to help in cementing the most lasting bond which unites nation to nation, and makes the raging ocean to be the subservient harbinger of peace and plenty to all its shores. In short, wherever humanity had been respected in the Jews, they had been the faithful custodians of the divine law, the unflinching worshippers of a divine Providence. And in the consideration of his subject, not only events would come before his hearers, but men that swayed a world and governed mind—an Alexander—a Caesar—a Cromwell—a Napoleon, and others less meteoric but far more beneficial to the human race; for if America was indebted to the foresight, intelligence and patriotism of a Washington, the world received in Judas Maccabees the first lessons of disinterested valor and high principled faith, achieving at the cost of his life the independence of a country, and the happiness of its inhabitants.

The Rev. speaker brought the introduction to a close by stating, that although he could not, as a Jew, deny feeling commiseration for the sufferings of his forefathers, he should "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," but would bring common sense to bear on every historical fact, and if they did not always coincide with his views, yet they should never have reason to doubt his sincerity. He would be the historian of the Jews, but not their apologist. Though he would not claim for them more than they deserved, he would defend them from the imputation of crimes they never committed.

The canon of the Old Testament history closed with the book and administration of Nehemiah, whose favor at the court of Persia enabled him to secure the peace of Jerusalem, by rebuilding its walls, and thus obtaining for the people a necessary protection from their enemies, the Samaritans, and other neighboring tribes. The lecturer then proceeded to notice the position of Jerusalem and the surrounding nations, as it was affected by the Persian invasion of Greece, the disastrous termination of that expedition, and the disgraceful treaty consequent upon the defeat of the forces of Xerxes, remarking that the fortification of Jerusalem was an act of great policy, inasmuch as it gave the Persians a principal support where they most needed it, and admirably served to check the rebellious disposition of the surrounding country. At first, the number of Jews who returned to their native land was only about 50,000, and these were miserably poor. The defences of their city proceeded slowly, and indeed they were in the utmost distress, till the governorship of Nehemiah gave them a better position. This they maintained for one hundred and fifty years, till Alexander of Macedon, in the conquest of the Persian empire, also subjected Judea to his rule. The Jews upon this occasion exhibited, in a striking manner, their respect for an oath, and the attachment with which they clung to the falling sceptre of Persia. Prudent as well as valiant, Alexander determined not to pursue Darius into the interior of the empire, until he had thoroughly subdued the countries of the coast. To this end he marched into Syria and was welcomed by every city except Tyre, which refused to open its gates to the conqueror. Determining on the siege of Tyre, the Macedonian king directed levies of money, provisions and troops, from all the Syrian cities. His command was readily obeyed by all except Jerusalem, from which city Jaddua, the reigning high priest, returned for answer, that while Darius was king, the Jews could not assist his enemy. After the reduction of Tyre, Alexander marched to subdue Jerusalem; but his wrath was disarmed at an interview with Jaddua, and he departed, investing the Jews with every privilege they desired. On the death of Alexander and the partition of his empire, by the final battle of Issus, Judea became the prize of the Ptolemies. Situated between the empire of Seleucus, of Antigonus and of Ptolemy, the country was exposed to all the horrors of war, and was often taken and retaken. By Ptolemy the First, many Jews were carried away captive into Egypt; and from that time they might trace the three great divisions of the Jewish nation. The first—the Babylonian Jews, and the residents of the colonies of Cyrus, peopled Asia; the second—the Egyptian Jews, penetrated far into the interior of Africa, and also spread themselves over the northern portions of that great continent; and the third branch—the Jews of Palestine, were finally distributed over Europe. From this latter and main stock, did the Jews of England claim their descent. Passing from the Ptolemaic dominion, the Jews fell under the rule of the Syro-Greeks, and by their monarchs, Antiochus the Great, Antiochus Epiphanes, (or rather Antiochus Epmanes,) and Antiochus Eupater, they were cruelly persecuted. They were murdered, fined, sold as slaves; and their laws and liberties were violated, their faith was proscribed, and their rights were trampled upon, and all this because they would not sacrifice to the idols of the king.

Dr. Raphall then graphically sketched the miseries of the Jews under the Greeks, described the war of independence consequent on the rising of Mattathias and his followers, and proceeded to detail the various successes of Judas Maccabees, of Simon, of Jonathan, of Eleazar, and of John, against the armies of Syro-Grecian kings.

## PROBABLE EFFECTS OF VEGETATION ON CLIMATE.

METEOROLOGISTS throughout India have for some time been engaged in examining the probable effects of vegetation and of moisture on climate, and the following results, mainly from an able paper by Dr. Balfour of Bombay, and the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, gives a general outline of the present state of our knowledge on this subject.

The fall of rain at the elevations of 2000 to 4500 feet, on ridges exposed to currents of wind from the sea, amounts to about 200 inches annually; it decreases, both as we ascend and as we proceed into the interior. Along the shores of Hindoostan it averages betwixt sixty and eighty. On the tolerably fertile or rarely wooded portions of the great plateau, it amounts to betwixt twenty and thirty-five. At Bellary, it averages from ten to fifteen; and when we inquire the cause of this sudden diminishment, we find that the districts around are destitute of trees, and nearly devoid of all sorts of moisture or local vegetation. Humboldt, in noticing the barrenness and extreme aridity of the vast plains approaching the Orinoco from the Andes, lat. 9°, states, that the people assured him that the fall of rain had diminished within the last century, and that since the Spanish conquest, the trees, formerly abounding, have been destroyed. The earlier settlers in Caracas are well known to have destroyed the climate by removing the trees; rain formerly abounded where now there is none. "By felling the trees," says Humboldt, as quoted by Balfour, "that cover the tops and sides of the mountains, men in every climate prepare at once two calamities for future generations; the want of fuel, and a scarcity of water. Trees, by the nature of their perspiration and the radiation from their leaves in a sky without clouds, surround themselves with an atmosphere constantly cold and misty. They affect the copiousness of springs, not, as was long believed, by a peculiar attraction for the vapors diffused through the air, but because, by sheltering the soil from the direct action of the sun, they diminish the evaporation of the water produced by rain. When forests are destroyed, as they are everywhere in America, by the European planters, with an imprudent precipitation, the springs are entirely dried up or become less abundant. The beds of the rivers, remaining dry during a part of the year, are converted into torrents whenever great rains fall on the heights. The sward and moss disappearing with the brushwood from the sides of the mountain, the waters falling in rain are no longer impeded in their course; and instead of slowly augmenting the level of the rivers by progressive filtration, they furrow during heavy showers the sides of the hills, bear down the loosened soil, and form those sudden inundations that devastate the country. Hence it results that the destruction of forests, the want of permanent springs, and the existence of torrents, are three phenomena closely connected together." Dr. Duncan, of the Bombay medical establishment, mentions that, within his own experience, the climate at Dapolie had been much more hot and dry—streams now dry up in December which used to flow till April or May; and this he attributes to the destruction of trees which formerly clothed the hills, now left barren and desolate by their removal. In the Southern Concan, within the space of fifteen years, the climate has been greatly deteriorated by the diminution of vegetation, and, consequently, of rain. The people of Pinang have memorialized government against the destruction of their forests, sure that the results by its continuance will be the ruin of the climate. The dreadful droughts, which now so frequently visit the Cape de Verd Islands, are avowedly due to the removal of their forests; in the high lands of Greece, where trees have been cut down, springs have disappeared. The excessive rains around Rio Janeiro have been modified

and reduced by the diminution of the woods. The valley of Aragua, in South America, affords a curious series of examples of diminution of rain by the destruction of trees, and increase of fall by their multiplication. The valley is completely enclosed by high ranges of hills, giving rise to various streams and rivulets, the waters of which form a lake at the extreme end of the valley. The lake has no exit, and its superfluous waters are carried off by evaporation. Betwixt 1555, when it was described by Oviedo, and 1800, when it was visited by Humboldt, the lake had sunk five or six feet, and had receded several miles from its former shores, the portion of the basin thus left dry appearing the most fertile land in the neighborhood. This is ascribed, by the distinguished traveller just named, to the destruction of the trees on the mountains. When the war of liberation broke out, agriculture was neglected, and the wood from the hills was no longer required by human industry—a great jungle began to prevail over all. The result was, that, within twenty years, not only had the lake ceased to subside, but began once more to rise, and threaten the country with general inundation. This is only a single case out of many of precisely similar nature with which South America supplies us. We have had repeated occasion to allude to the diminution of rain in Oude, which the older inhabitants compare to the retiring of the tide, so manifest and gradual it is. In Switzerland it has been perfectly ascertained, that rivulets formerly full have shrunk or dried up coincidently with the denudation of the mountains, and that they have once more returned to their former size on the woods being restored. A beautiful spring, situated at the foot of a woody mountain in the island of Ascension, was observed to diminish in flow as the trees were cut down, and to vanish altogether when the wood disappeared. After a few years, during which no water flowed, the mountain became wooded again; when the stream once more began to flow, and, as the vegetation increased, returned to its former size. The destruction of wood, though at all times followed by a diminution in the flow of running water, is not invariably attended by a decrease in the fall of rain. Marmato, in the province of Popayan, is situated in the midst of enormous forests, and in the vicinage of valuable mines. The amount of the discharge of the streams—here accurately measured by the work performed by the stamping machines which they drive—was observed to decrease steadily as the wood was cut down; within the space of two years from the commencement of the clearing, the decrease of the flow of the water had occasioned alarm. The clearing was now suspended and the diminution ceased. A rain-gauge was now established, when it appeared that the fall of rain had not diminished concomitantly with the flow of the streams. The apparent anomaly here presented does not affect the general doctrine, and is easily explained. The clearings were too local to affect the general condition of the climate; the rain which fell, however, instead of percolating, as was its wont through the soil, when shaded by trees, producing springs, rivulets, and brooks, now dried up, and was carried off in vapor as it fell. India, in nearly all these things, furnishes precise parallels to South America. A few years since a proprietor, in laying down some ground well watered by an excellent spring, for a coffee garden at Glenmore, in the Salem district, despite the advice of the natives, cleared the ground, when the supply of water vanished. At the village of Hoolbulley, near the head of the new Ghaut in Munzerabad, the jungle was cleared away, and in every case the diminution of water followed almost immediately—in some cases the coffee-plants dying in consequence; the jungle was allowed to grow again when water returned, the springs were opened, and the rivulets and streams flowed afresh as formerly. Around Ahmednuggur, springs shaded by trees have invariably been observed to dry up almost immediately on the trees being removed. Having seen the



result of the destruction of trees in diminishing the fall of rain, we come now to the converse state of matters, so as to establish the proposition by both varieties of proof. Unfortunately our evidences on this side of the question are much less numerous than those on the other, though equally uniform and pertinent, the propensity to remove or destroy being much more prevalent and active than to establish forests. The St. Helena Almanac for 1848 gives particulars of the increase of the fall of rain within the last few years, attributable to the increase of wood; within the present century, the fall has nearly doubled. The plantations seem to have performed another service to the island. Formerly heavy floods, caused by sudden torrents of rain, were almost periodical, and frequently very destructive; for the last nine years they have been unknown. On the mountains of Ferro, one of the Canary Islands, there are trees each of which is constantly surrounded by a cloud; their power of drawing down moisture is well known to the people; the natives call them *garol*, the Spaniards *santo*, from their utility. The drops trickle down the stem in one unceasing stream, and are collected in reservoirs constructed for their reception. Thousands of similar instances might be quoted. Our own revenue surveyors, indeed, could supply an almost unlimited amount of information bearing on the same subject. The whole of this beautiful process depends on the simple laws of temperature, evaporation, and condensation. Trees shade the soil from the sun. They give off vapor during the day, and so mitigate heat, while they obstruct the direct rays from above—they radiate out heat during the night, and occasion the precipitation of dew—many plants being endowed with this faculty to such an extent as to collect water in large quantities from the air. The total quantity of dew believed to fall in England is supposed to amount to five inches annually—and the estimate appears to us to be a vast way under the truth; the average fall of rain is about twenty-five inches. Mr. Glaisher states the amount of evaporation of Greenwich to have amounted to five feet annually for the past five years, and supposes three feet about the mean evaporation all over the world. On this assumption the quantity of actual moisture raised in the shape of vapor, from the surface of the sea alone, amounts to no less than 60,000 cubic miles annually; or nearly 164 miles a day. According to the observations of Mr. Laidlay, the evaporation at Calcutta is about fifteen feet annually; that between the Cape and Calcutta averages, in October and November, nearly three quarters of an inch daily; betwixt 10° and 20° in the Bay of Bengal, it was found to exceed an inch daily. Supposing this to be double the average throughout the year, we shall, instead of three, have eighteen feet of evaporation annually; or, were this state of matters to prevail all over the world, an amount of three hundred and sixty thousand cubic miles of water raised in vapor from the ocean alone! —*Secretary's Report of the Proceedings of the Bombay Geographical Society for 1849-50*, p. 55.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

*Merchants: A Sunday-evening Lecture.* By T. W. HIGGINSON.

*The American Union: A Discourse.* By HENRY A. BOARDMAN, D. D.

This is the oration so highly praised by Mr. Breck, in one of our late numbers.

*Christianity, as applied to the Mind of a Child in the Sunday School.* By the Rev. ALBERT BARNES.

*Daisy-Dingle Sunday School.*

*From the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union.*

*William Norton, or the Emigrant.*

*My Mother's Jewel.*

*Home Ballads: a book for New Englanders.* By ABBY ALLEN. Published by James Munroe and Company, Boston and Cambridge.

This is a collection of poems, and prose pieces, some of which have appeared in various periodicals, under the signature of Nilla. We copy the first poem.

#### NEW ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLANDERS. A YANKEE BALLAD.

ADDRESSED TO A NEW YORKER WHO SCOFFED AT YANKEES.

Yes, sir, I am a Yankee girl,  
I glory in the name!  
You spake it in contemptuous scorn,  
To me it breathes of fame;  
I'm proud of my nativity—  
New England, good and great,  
Is head and shoulders taller, sir,  
Than your boasted Empire State!

Let prejudice be set aside—  
Give sneering to the wind;  
Sit down and look at actual facts,  
And see what you will find,  
Our mountains overtop your own:  
Our lakes you need not spurn;  
Although not quite so large as yours,  
We find they serve our turn!

Our fisheries o'er the world are famed,  
The mackerel, shad, and cod!  
And "Taunton turkeys" are so thick,  
We sell them by the rod!  
We turn our very stones to gold—  
The marble, granite, slate!  
And as for manufactories,  
Where is our rival State?

Our cities dot the broad expanse,  
Teeming with busy life;  
And every village, farm and stream,  
With Yankee wealth is rife.  
Our churches stand like sentinels,  
On valley, hill, and plain;  
And city spires, like forest trees,  
Point upward, many a vane!

Nature hath favored your New York,  
It could not well be less;  
Boston hath grown by human might—  
This truth all must confess!  
Think of her thrift for ten years past,  
Then please to calculate,  
What she will be some ten years hence,  
Progressing at this rate.

And beauty mingles with our thrift,  
As Boston Common shows;  
And Auburn's mount, where living love  
Its kindest care bestows.  
Old Newport, billow-cradled, see,  
On Rhody's verdant shore;  
'Tis there old Ocean shakes his mane,  
Resounding evermore!

New Haven, with its shady elms,  
And Hartford, with its charter—  
Connecticut, my native State!  
Say, can you find a smarter?  
The "Empire State" is your New York,  
I grant it, hard to mate her;  
Yet still give me the "Nutmeg State"—  
Where shall we find a grater?

We have both railroads and canals,  
But here my courage pitches;  
I own you'll beat me on this heat—  
New York has bigger ditches!  
Our Commerce swims a deeper sea,  
It stems the swelling wave,  
And sends its white-winged messengers  
In every sea to lave!

Look at our Literati, sir,  
We've cradled genius, sure!  
Come, count your great ones by our side,  
And see who hath the fewer.  
Sherman, Parsons, Adams, Ames,  
Are synonyms of glory;  
And Massachusetts boasts, beside,  
A Hancock and a Story!

There 's Silliman, Webster, (Noah, I mean,)  
And Quincy, Dana, Ware;  
With Webster, Adams, Davis, sir,  
What noble men they are!  
Macdonough, Perry, Morris, Hull,  
Green, Putnam, Stark, and Allen;  
With Freedom's martyr, Nathan Hale,  
And valiant General Warren!

Divinity can bring some names,  
For goodness famed, and learning;  
A Payson, Brainard, Griswold, Ware,  
A Pierpont and a Channing.  
Go search o'er Asia's burning sand—  
The Mission ground, who fills?  
A Newell, J. Ison, Gordon Hall,  
A Winslow, and a Mills!

And count our poets, side by side;  
Sprague, Willis, Hillhouse, Lowell;  
Pike, Halleck, Brainard, Sigourney,  
Hill, Pierpont, Gould, and Rockwell,  
Holmes, Bryant, Mellen, Percival,  
Longfellow, Dawes, and Bright;  
With Prentice, Dana, Whittier;  
All these are ours of right!

Benjamin Franklin! tell me, sir,  
You that can boast "Big Thunder,"  
Say, will he play with lightning, sir,  
And never dodge from under?  
And then those sons of Type, we boast,  
A Greeley, Prentice, Burritt!  
Burritt's a second Babel, sir,  
And Prentice, who 'll outwit?

Another yet, I'm proud to name—  
Jonathan Slick—Jack Downing!  
I guess he is New England's child—  
He 's worthy Yankee crowning!  
There 's Emerson, "The Mystic," sir,  
Joe Neal, of "Charnel Sketches,"  
With Morse, who chained the lightning, sir;  
All these New England fetches!

Some smart ones, too, we've loaned to you—  
Pray do not call me saucy;  
But when you lacked for governors,  
Who furnished Wright and Marcy?  
So richly blest, we can afford  
To let some wander forth;  
Your Hamilton—she owes us one—  
Her polar star is North!

We always have been generous,  
You cannot have forgot,  
That when old Union wished a head,  
New England furnished *Nott*!  
And thus, whenever you sift it down,  
You find at your own hearth,  
That men most justly named as great,  
All claim a Yankee birth.

That prince of Yankee speculators—  
Ay—Barnum is the man!  
Now look around you, right and left,  
And beat him if you can!  
Always ahead of time and tide—  
Whatever he can find!  
Sometimes that least of little folks!  
And sometimes Jenny Lind!

We 'll beat you, big or little, sir,  
Perchance 't will strike you dumb,  
Rhody has raised the biggest man,  
Connecticut, Tom Thumb!  
Whate'er is touched by us, improves—  
Is rendered brighter still!  
Even Comedy had added charms  
When played by "Yankee Hill!"

We're good in peace, and in a war  
You 'll find there is no dodging;  
For fear, within a Yankee breast,  
Hath never found a lodging!  
We heard the wolf within his den,  
Or stride a cask of powder;  
The very lumps of daring, we,  
Though fed on clams and chowder!

New London girls, in olden time,  
Ne'er paused to ask, what matters?  
But when the soldiers lacked gun-wads,  
They tore their skirts in tatters,  
Yes, should the boys once dare to flinch  
From duty, or forsake it,  
The girls would face the cannon's mouth,  
And lose their lives, or take it!

Go search Philanthropy's bright page—  
What names are traced upon it?  
The noblest record written there,  
A Yankee heart hath won it!  
Ask Erin, when the famine dire,  
Her starving thousands slew;  
What heart first answered to her call,  
And o'er the ocean flew?

Then never laugh at Yankees, sir,  
Nor scorn New England rough;  
Her face, I own, is not so smooth—  
She 's made of rocky stuff!  
But she hath strengthened mental might,  
Hath cherished genius' child;  
Hath trained her children in the right—  
Practice on precept piled!

Go roam through Europe's cities proud—  
'Neath Afric's burning sun;  
At every turn, where'er you go,  
You 'll find New England's son!  
Go rest you near the Pyramids,  
No matter where you tramp!  
You 'll find a Yankee gone before,  
Who there hath pitched his camp!

Clocks, nutmegs, and whatever else,  
You call a Yankee crop;  
If you have cash, he 's glad to sell—  
If not, he 'll always swap.  
For he was born a merchant, sir,  
A Yankee trader bold,  
Who swapped his whistle for a knife,  
When only four years old.

No matter where his home may be—  
What flag may be unfurled!  
He 'll manage, by some cute device,  
To whistle through the world.  
Brimful of restless enterprise—  
The busiest of the busy!  
Such constant work, such constant stir,  
Would drive a Dutchman dizzy!  
Flout, if you will, at us and ours,  
Were you but half as wise,  
With half the hawk-eyed shrewdness, sir,  
Which glanceth from our eyes;  
We 'd take the leap together, sir,  
And pulling on one track,  
Would leave the league confederate,  
To follow at our luck.

With our united shoulders, sir,  
Together at the wheel,  
Would turn our nation's destiny,  
By well directed zeal;  
Stand, like our Pilgrim Fathers, sir,  
Empanoplied with right,  
And blot each dark oppression,  
Forever out of sight!

For in every untried enterprise,  
New England takes the lead:  
For it takes a Yankee's head to plan—  
Our pluck to go ahead;  
Then sound her glory, oh, ye waves,  
Amid your surging roar,  
Pipe up, till foam froths all your lips,  
Beating her rock-ribbed shore!

The Yankees are a race distinct—  
Bustle from head to feet!  
They would grow rich, where you would starve;  
Come, give it up—you 've heat!  
Then strike up "Yankee Doodle," sir,  
And while the air is ringing;  
I 'll let the steam from off my quill,  
And join you in your singing!